

# CAVALCADE

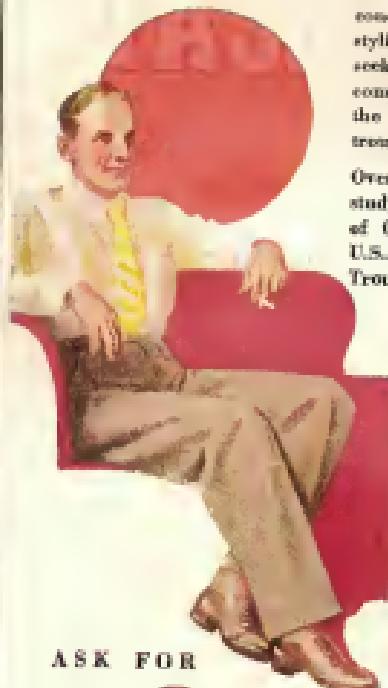
NOVEMBER 16  
1952

WICKEDEST WOMAN  
IN ROME — Page 4

ASSISTANT OF  
DEATH — Page 12



*Comfort in leisure . . .*



Your comfort is the constant concern of the Stamina stylists . . . they are always seeking to introduce new comfort-giving features into the cut and make of the trouser.

Over the years, through studying the best trousers of Great Britain and the U.S.A., the present Stamina Trouser has been created.

You will be pleased with the new model —you will find that it is indeed true that Stamina Trousers are ideal for every wear — everywhere.

ASK FOR

**Stamina**  
SELF-SUPPORTING  
**TROUSERS**

TAILORED FROM A SPECIAL CRUSADER CLOTH

# Cavalcade

CONTENTS ★ NOVEMBER, 1952  
VOL. 16, No. 6

## FACT

Wedded Women in Rome	1
Bookmarket in Sydney	1
Assault of Death	1
Peril in the White South	1
Revenge on a King	1
Crusader Upstair	1
Should the Child be Sterilized?	1
Warm the Girls Hell	1
Fate of a Future Master	1
Battle For Life	1
Damon Mills	1
John Adams	1
Bill Delaney	1
Arthur Schlesier	1
Spencer Loring	1
Lester Way	1
Lee Guard	1
Sydney George Khan	1
J. W. Hanning	1
Colin R. Montague	1

## FICTION

Shadow From Ahmed	1
Right of the Chinese Leader	1
The Flying Machine	1
Paul Warren, Graham	1
Gregory Bartley	1
Graham Blackwell	1

## FEATURES

End of Arguments	1
Picture Stories	1
Cross-Capital	1
Scenarios—by Gibson	1
Stranger and Stranger	1
Pathways to Better Health	1
Home Plus, No. 2, by W. Watson-Sherry	1
Double Children	1
Picture Mystery, featuring Kirk Kast	1
Yellow Pages	1
Cartoons	1, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35
Notes on cartoons and writings other than Cartoons, see Cartoons	1

Printed by Commercial Newsprint Ltd., Woolstonecraft, Sydney, for the proprietors, Cavalcade Pty. Ltd., 14 Young Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000. All rights reserved. Postage paid at Sydney, N.S.W. 2000. Printed in Australia.

Produced by The K. G. Merton Publishing Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney. Publisher: EDW. G. MERTON • EDITOR: G. H. MERTON • ADVERTISING: G. H. MERTON • COTTON ADVERTISING: G. H. MERTON • PRODUCTION: WALTER T. MCKEEVER • BUSINESS MANAGER: WALTER T. CHARLES • PROMOTION: DOUG MCKEEVER • CIRCULATION MANAGER: DOUG MCKEEVER • ART DIRECTOR: DOUG MCKEEVER

Wholesale Distributors: Ashton and Smith (West) Ltd.

ADVERTISING

COLIN A. FITZPATRICK Esq. 24 Young Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000 • EDITH R. MARSHALL 40 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, East, Vict. 3000 • ARTHUR L. HARRY, 811 Churchill Building, Castle Place, Adelaide, S.A. 5000.



# Wickedest woman in Rome

Most notorious and abhorred of all the voluptuous, omnious temptresses of ancient Rome was the Empress Messalina

THE tall figure on the stage came forward to receive the applause as it rose thunderously from every section of the theater.

As he stopped forward the actor removed his mask, disclosing a superbly handsome face as magnificent as a sculptured head of a god.

Over on the imperial box, a girl sat looking intently at him.

About the man's head there was a small crown, through which were threaded ears of corn—the mark of distinction of a Roman emperor or the golden Corn.

The girl leaned forward, her breath coming more quickly as she looked down at the figure on the stage.

The girl had the face, always look of a tigress. Her lips were thin and

sharp. The palid skin of her cheeks was flushed with sudden excitement. Her burning black eyes full of blood that took little to arouse.

She leaned forward eagerly towards the actor, and there was a sudden gleam of desire in her eyes.

She turned quickly to the figure beside her. "See," she said, "I word with you."

It was the figure of a minister rarer than that of a man—all sword and grit with a pot-belly, legs of papier-mâché that shook uncontrollably every now and then with the mounting of a pain paroxysm, hair completely white although that of a man of seventy middle age.

He sat upright, and his head wobbled grotesquely on his thin neck as he spoke. He stammered. "Y-y-you, my love—or—what w-would you of y-your Claudio?"

The girl looked down again at the stage, and as the actor wailed up at the royal box she tucked in a sedate bunch.

She turned. "The next perfume on the palace . . ."

The man beside her looked down at the stage.

He stammered. "Wh-what? Messalina? Why, of course, my love — of course . . ."

He wobbled his head about to look at the girl more closely, and a curving grin suddenly appeared on his wrinkled face. He let out a high cackling laugh. He glared. "H-h-hy the gods — has he recognized the emperor among his conquests, that?"

The girl turned her steely gaze on the stammering man. Her thin lips had become one narrow line of unyielding. Her hand, "I am not conquered—I conquer . . . But what I want, that I will have . . ."

The man let out his cackling laugh again. He stammered. "W-what a young ingenue it is . . . I-I do believe

she could clew a man to death."

Two weeks later the pot-bellied man with the wobbling head shuffled along through the halls of the palace on his epidemiologically thin legs.

Suddenly the girl who had art before her in the royal box in the theater stepped out before her.

Her hands and neck spattered with jewels. Her hair was piled up high above her head in a costly and tasteless coiffure. Her lips and cheeks were painted and rouged elaborately, and thick mascara encircled the glint of her eyes.

Her gown was costly, but flimsy and almost indecently revealing. Jewel-encrusted gloves grazed over her feet.

The girl's eyes flashed venomous. She jerked her hand towards some rooms on her left. She said suddenly, "There—that fellow—he invaded me and snarled my friendships—the expenses—"

The pot-bellied man popped at her. He stammered, "W-why, my dear — below doors he . . ."

She snarled against his ear. "You are the expense—you are Claudio—I tell thee this—what—what the will of the emperor is as much less as that of her broodish, the concubine . . ."

The pot-bellied man shuddered up, and flung the loose folds of the robe about him in an instant of impatience. He stammered. "Gi—come my love—let us show the fellow what—what—what the will of either of us—are like—"

The girl took the pot-bellied man's arm, a glimmer of victory in her eyes.

The man shuddered across to the rooms towards which the girl led him.

As they entered, the figure of the tall, handsome older turned to face them. He bowed low at the sight of the spider-legged man.

The countenance-looking creature

stared thoughtfully at the water. He whispered in a half voice. "Monsieur—your may be used to—please the f—ool as the start, but I advise you to do no longer here. I command you to leave your sponge on the water."

The water stared at the girl, suddenly about in his eyes. Then slowly all the expression went out of his face, and eyes upon his bowed bow.

He said in a steady voice. "As you command, my lord." He seemed resolute now to the girl. He said finally. "As you said—my lady—command."

The eyes of the girl glittered with an almost nervous gleam of victory—a gleam mixed with the flame of desire.

And so Messalina, most adored and prodigal of all Roman prostitutes, had triumphed once . . .

But when she was only twenty-five years old, Messalina packed more adultery into her short life than thousands of other profligate women who lived twice that time.

It would be impossible, however, for any woman to have lived out in one lifetime all the extremes and unusual acts attributed to her.

Messalina had, of course, many affairs except both the women and men of her day. Chief among these was Agrippina the Younger, the mother of the emperor who followed Claudius to the throne, the adored Nero.

Agrippina's remorse occasioned a number of bitter and dolorously-referenced to Messalina. It is believed it was from these that Jovian, years later, picked the material for the shadowy stories he relates concerning the wife of Claudius.

One of these stories of Jovian's states that Messalina's lust and oversex was such that the frequently-dismayed himself, enjoyed the benefits of

public brothels under the name of Lydia, and greatly delighted the less she received.

This story seems a little hard to believe, although some historians consider that it is consistent with the life of Messalina as recorded by other chroniclers of that day.

Provenant amongst these women was Thetis. Although born some not at seven years after the death of Messalina, he made very keep importunate into her life.

Thus it is that Thetis goes record of perhaps the most infamous, and certainly the most notorious, of all Messalina's frenzied conquests — her famous "marriage" with the youth, Cato Silanus, while her emperor-husband Claudius was absent in Gaul.

Cato Silanus is described by Thetis as "the handmaiden of the Roman womb." The old historian states that Messalina was an "especially amorous" of him that she made him divorce his wife, Julia Silana, for her.

Messalina showered gifts upon the young patrician and consul-elect. The royal welcome was soon day after she drew up outside the home of Silanus.

Of course, she was merely following the example of many of the emperors in more or less violent and sex-mad marriage partners and taking another. But for a woman to do it and to do it to an Imperial Caesar, however weak and battle-worn he may have been—was an entirely different thing altogether.

Messalina, however, went about with her vice. She celebrated the illicit orgies in full sight of all.

The "marriage" went through, but almost immediately, Narcissus, a freedman castrator, takes two women with him who had witnessed the affair, lusted off of sex to Ostia to take the news to the emperor.

Claudius was no fighting Caesar—in him there was none of the Richard

and of Faust Julius or Augustus.

His reaction with Messalina—when he was forty-eight and she but thirty-two—was third. Narcissus wrote of him that he was "incredulous in his passion for women." It was probably such defiance that kept him more or less unconcerned with the profligacy of his wife.

However, this time Messalina had turned over the writhing-flowing blood of her husband. He returned post-haste to Rome.

It was the time of celebration of the grape-harvest. Messalina—ever ready to seize upon such occasions for herdy revelry — was with the hawks of Silanus, basking in pleasure Bacchical in the grounds of the palace.

But Claudius had already come to town with the power and fury of one of the fighting Caesars. He was already visiting his soldiers' rewards with the blood of partisans of Messalina.

Deserted by all, the empress hid

in the gardens of the palace, having that next forth her two children, Octavia and Britannicus, and the Valeria, the chief of the Varid Virgins, to play for her.

But Messalina—fearing that Messalina might wear her way back into the emperor's good graces and make them her for herself—sent soldiers to the gardens. They slew Messalina in the very arms of her mother.

Claudius was at a loss when he was told of her death. It is said that he recovered the news by merely sipping his morning cup of wine . . .

She wore a crown about her head that showed the mark of her defiance as the goddess Ceres—the goddess of corn and harvests.

It would have been more fitting at the head were the crown of Venus, the goddess of love.

And it would have been more fitting still if in that crown had been placed a pair of horns. If ever there lived a she-devil in human form, it was Messalina, Empress of Rome.

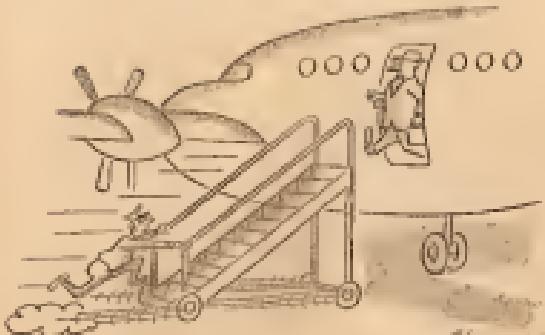


Photo by J. S.

# Blackmarket in Bodies



Budding surgeons used practice on fresh cadavers. Once they were only obtainable from professional body-snatchers

**A** PAIR from the terrible spiritual struggles undergone by surgeons in the path of duty, in trying to avoid patients it struck with the bleeding hearts of adored nurses and gauze-clothed patients, one of their greatest problems has always been to procure fresh "subjects" for dissection.

Nowadays a certain stability of supply of bodies exists, but in the hectic days of the beginning of the nineteenth century, the dissecting room book carried bloody stains of murder and violence.

Until the passing of the Anatomy

Act of 1832, the only "subjects" available for dissection in medical schools were the bodies of those who had paid the death penalty. Members of the College of Surgeons of Scotland, England and Ireland were compelled by law to dissect these bodies as part of the penalty paid by the犯人.

Friends of the condemned viewed the operations of the dissectors with an enlarged eye; hangmen were disgraced and "hang-dish"—"dissection by dis- tury" was not only undignified, but revolting. Executions were frequent.

The situation altered in the era

of the "body-snatcher" and the "re- turners."

The cycle of "watches" actually began about 1780, but it did not have the positive thrown on it until the first decades of the eighteenth century.

The grisly story of Ellen Treanor and James Walsh, who were hanged for selling bodies, is typical of what was happening in this macabre period of medical history.

At their trial, it was revealed that they met a poor woman and her child and invited her to their home for shelter. While one plied her with liquor, the other crept the boy to another room and suffocated him. The boy was sold to students for two shillings, normally, when the master was disengaged and the two body-snatchers hanged, they themselves reflected the doom of dissection.

In 1771, the dissectioner and his assistant at St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, were convicted of snatching bodies. Each was sentenced to six months imprisonment and to be whipped on his bare back twice during his passage from Hullock Street to St. Giles, a distance of half a mile. This sentence was carried out amidst crowds of reviling spectators.

Body-snatching became big news. The public imagination let itself go with all sorts of fantastic horror-filled inventions. Bloody men-servants were placed over bodies. Watchers sat up at night beside newlyweds, and took all sorts of precautions to prevent their dissection.

The "Revenants" were a touch less but fear rapidly descended an operation from so-called respectable undertakers, nurses and grave-diggers. Each of these received their take-off from the takings.

The great bodies organised. One of the most famous plots was led by a man named Andrew Morrison, or

more familiarly, "Merry Andrew." He lived near a graveyard, drank 18 glasses of raw whisky daily and got subjects as cheap as "penny pie."

The business consisted in buying the private history of persons dying in cheap lodgings houses and expediting their relatives during their last moments. The landlord was usually relieved for the remains to be taken away.

A false minister then staged a phony funeral, and the processions would conveniently hand for some ceremony in the cemetery—the real destination being the Edinburgh dissecting rooms.

"Merry Andrew" turned it on properly—he even stole the buried body of his master when prices were at their tip level.

Increase in the demand for bodies gave the body-snatchers the impetus to dabble in bigger still—export and import business on a wide scale. Headquarters of the gang were located in Dublin, and the main storage depot was the Anatomy School of the Royal College of Surgeons—with the consequence of well-preserved corpses on the Calypso road.

The big-shot in the business was a retired naval surgeon named Wilson Ross, who employed agents of "Revenants" to rob any and subversive graveyards. He also supervised the export trade and had crews privately labelled "pirates," "body," and so forth.

Sometimes there was a mix-up in the arrangement. A cargo arrived at Glasgow, during January, 1821, addressed to a teacher who refused to take delivery because the freight was over £20. The consignment was supposed to contain cotton and linen bags.

The cargo lay in the port sheds for some time until the sheriff stirred officials to action. The cases were

**DOLLAR SIGNS DO NOT  
(ALWAYS) APPLY**

Sing a song of suspense,  
A pocket full of eye—  
A hand that's full of sorrow,  
A throat that goes to cry  
And when one of the sorrow,  
And why, pray, do you cry?  
Well, think! A song of suspense!  
And what will suspense buy?

found it tougher and tougher to get a sufficient supply of bodies. Then on December 21, 1831, he was introduced to the next bodies body-snatchers of the period—William Burke and William Hare.

They went into the business when one of his lodger house inmates "got into him" for four pounds rent and then suddenly died. The sale of the body netted him nearly thirty pounds. The credit earned opened the door for him and his partner to travel the path of crime—or what they thought was an easy way to wealth.

These techniques were simple. Friendless lodger strangers were accepted and invited to spend the night at Hare's lodging house. These they were given some heated dynamics and silently suffocated.

The intruders then carried the bodies to the dissecting rooms, where Dr. Knox, "beyond a reasonable doubt," asked no questions.

The sales of cadavers topped 11 before the partners became worried and knew their show was over. On December 21, 1831, they were brought to trial and charged with murder.

Both pleaded not guilty, but Hare, who was the director of the pair, turned King's evidence. On Christmas morning, December 25, 1831, Burke was found guilty.

A record crowd attended the public hanging and demanded the execution of both Hare and Dr. Knox as well. High prices were paid for seats and the crowd roared derisively as Burke went to the gallows.

After the execution of Burke many burned dissecting rooms in Glasgow and Edinburgh and other parts of the country. A public inquiry was demanded into the activities of Dr. Knox. It was claimed on his behalf that the bodies he bought were friends of the watchmen. This didn't satisfy the mob; they at-

tacked his house, Knox escaped and fled to London where he died in poverty 33 years later.

The resulting resolutions of the trial of Burke brought into focus the need for revision of the laws regarding the supply of "subjects" for dissection in medical schools.

Representations were made to adopt the French practice of allowing governors of the poor and governors of hospitals to supply for dissection bodies of persons who were not claimed by relatives.

The House of Lords rejected the bill on the grounds that the treatment was unfair to the poor. Meanwhile another assembly of body-snatching bodies sat in London.

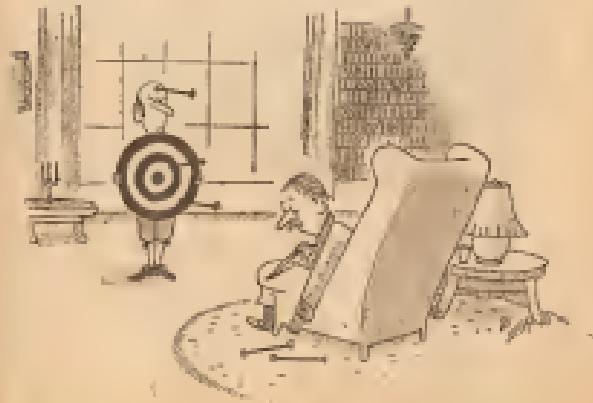
The two top members of this snatching hierarchy were John Burke and Thomas Williams. Operating in

suburban cemeteries in London, their crew looted 399 bodies over a 12-year period.

Their methods were as curious as those of their Scottish counterparts. When bodies were scarce, they played the game of raffles to keep up profits. They were convicted and executed in 1831.

On December 21, 1832, an Act was passed "for regulating Schools of Anatomy." All several sources of supply were cut out and "subjects" for dissection were made available by legal means; persons known to be dead bodies were permitted to send them to medical schools.

This is the stage that supply of "subjects" has reached in-day, body-snatching has been replaced in the criminal mind by profits more lucrative and less gruesome.



Who was this stranger masquerading as a doctor who claimed that old people were useless and must die?

BILL DELANY



## Assistant of Death

If there was nothing else about the man to attract attention, his dress was, to say the least, eccentric. He wore a leather jacket, though the belt of which was studded with unsharpened knife, leather knapsack, a wide hat and a beard that, though dark, was carefully trimmed. Yet, in spite of this spectacular getup, he moved through the swanky New

York hotel with supreme dignity.

He advent into his room was drawn out. But those who saw him, that day in June, 1934, did not realize that that was their first glimpse of a man who, in less than a year would blithely, even proudly, acknowledge himself as a grisly murderer.

But first, he would establish himself as a good spender, and introduce

himself as wild beast—and a man of mystery. He was, he declared, a man with a mission. He did not, then, add that his mission was murder.

Within a month, he was gone.

In the following February, the District Attorney planned questioning at a detective.

"Who?" he asked. "Has been the death case at the Institution until recently?"

The detective estimated that perhaps one death each month would have been a liberal estimate.

"And now . . . everything is Jane," mused the District Attorney. "For any time are children, she, in the place?"

"Yes. But none has died. Each of the 11 has been an aged person."

"Who is in charge of the Institution?"

"That's the peculiar part about it. When I investigated, I asked for a list of the staff. There is a superintendent and a medical staff—but the king-pin seemed to be a fellow named More. Foreign, I'd say. He has a big black beard."

"Find out something about this fellow More," said the District Attorney. "Find out how he came to get a job in the place, investigate his past."

The detective came back with the information that More had introduced himself to the authorities of the Institution—a famous New York mental asylum—as a graduate of a large hospital in Europe. Incredibly, they accepted his story and he became known as "Doctor More."

The detective discovered two more facts: that the "doctor" was the same man who, a few months before, had made such a deep impression on those who frequented a well-known New York hotel; and that he had been sent to the Institution by an employment agency—as a porter.

A cable sent to the European hospital brought a reply that it had never employed a Doctor More. Martino, further investigation of the Institution indicated that the names forced him. Some of them, at least, had already written to relatives asking to be taken from the Institution.

"Why?" asked the detective.

Because he lost his temper with them. Because he snored loudly at them. Because—he had almost invariably been the last person to see the man or woman who had died.

The detective went back to the hotel where More had made his mysterious entrance.

"What was the main theme of More's conversation with you?" he asked the butler.

"There hadn't been one . . . but wait . . . he had mentioned that he had come to America to carry out a mission. He'd looked a bit queer at that and it . . .

The detective made his next call the steward who filled the passenger cabin for the hospital. The steward remembered Dr. More well. It had struck him as a little peculiar that the doctor had ordered a great deal of chloroform.

The District Attorney listened to the steward's report and ordered direct action. They would search Doctor More's belongings at the Institution. . . .

There, they found enough poison and chloroform to last a doctor-filled hospital a full week. Why was it that? It was only rarely that the Institution's authorities were called upon to operate.

The time had come to talk to Dr. More. He greeted the detectives easily and willingly agreed to visit the office of the District Attorney.

Sitting in the District Attorney's office, he asked for a cigar. Each

A eight-year-old boy was saying. He told his parents that the boy next door had punched him. His father said "If he hits you again, you hit him back." Soon after he came running in again and announced "He's saying now." Repiled his father "That's right, always hit them back when they have a go at you, son." The boy replied reluctantly "Oh, he didn't hit me again, but I thought he might have done, so I hit him back first."

requests were to become punctuation marks in the story he told them. At first, it appeared that he would not be cooperative in answering their questions.

Had he ever attended a University?

—Oh, yes.

—Where?

—In Europe.

—Which University?  
—He was afraid he could not tell them.

—Hospital expenses?

—A few months?

—Where?

—He refused to tell them.  
—What was his real name?

—Did that matter?

—Why had he come to America?  
—That didn't matter, either.

The man with the beard asked for a bottle of water. When they refused his request, he walked at them and became silent. They brought him the water, and he asked them to bring it to room temperature. He sat, bearded and silent, until the

licensed detectives carried out his request.

"Did you kill any of the old people in the institution?" he was then asked.

"Doctor Mori" nodded and smiled.

"Of course," he said. "You've been asking me silly questions. Why didn't you ask me that in the first place? Of course I killed them—all but eight."

The statement was made simply, calmly. He looked at them from benign eyes. The detectives stared back at him, soberly silent and shorthanded.

"But why?" They were only good old people."

"That's why. They were old people. They shouldn't be allowed to live to an old age. They are a nuisance, old people. They want things. They want things when I was busy. They asked for more blankets at night . . . Or more food. Old people are bothersome. So I killed some of them."

"How did you kill them?"

"I went to their rooms when they were asleep and gave them an overdose of chloroform until they died. They didn't struggle much."

So the examination continued. The bearded doctor met their questions directly and volubly. Throughout, the benign smile never left his face. He told them that within a few months he would have killed every old person in the institution.

This man had been the creation of the bearded man who had so greatly impressed the people at one of New York's largest hotels.

They sent him to the psychiatric ward of a New York hospital. There, one day, he looked out on to the yard where many old people were resting in the sun.

"It's a pity," he said. "I could fix them up . . . all of them . . . in a

week and without any pain or fuss."

Meanwhile, the file marked "Doctor Mori" in the department of the District Attorney was becoming thicker. His real name was Frederick Mennick. Born of humble parents in Vienna, he had proved a hopeless failure at school. He had had no trouble with the police over or over, but his offenses had been trivial.

It was obvious now that Mori (or Mennick) was mad. Sent to an asylum, he became a model and trusted prisoner. He evaded not the slightest trouble, and only lost his classification when authorities refused his request that he be allowed to help nurse ailing inmates.

He pointed out that, as an administrator, he could be of great service as a hospital assistant, and would do his

utmost to ease the burdens of suffering—particularly aged sufferers.

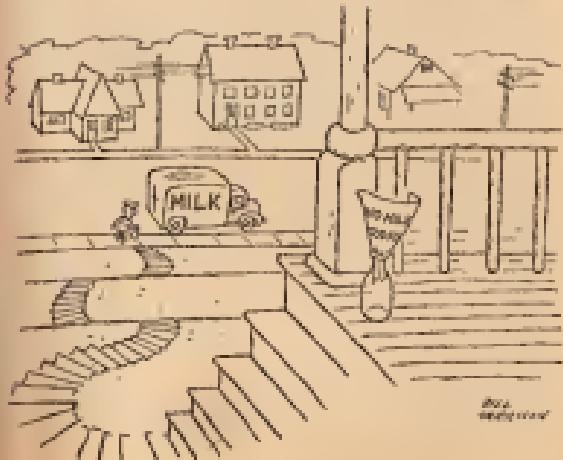
He could never quite understand why his offer was not accepted.

Then, one day, Mori (or Mennick) disappeared. He had not seemed dissatisfied with the treatment he'd been receiving. In fact, he had displayed considerable elation over his enforced way of living.

Nevertheless, he one day made an escape from the asylum. And in spite of one of the most intensive man-hunts in American history, he was never recaptured.

"Doctor Mori" was only 31 when, in 1915, he brought permanent silence to aged sufferers.

If he is alive he would be over 80 years of age now. He would, in fact, be himself an old man.



By  
Henry Cole

# Peril in the WHITE SOUTH



ARTHUR SCHOLES

A member of the party that established the official weather station on Heard Island surveys Australian exploration of the Antarctic.

AT this moment a group of ten lonely men at the Australian Antarctic Weather Station at Heard Island, 1,200 miles northward of Tasmania, face a desolate future, full of anxiety, and despair for the loss of two of their comrades.

It was announced recently by the Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Casey, that two members of the expedition had perished on a survey party from their base at Adelie Cove

One of the men was walked out to sea by heavy waves, another man fell down a crevasse and was never seen again; the third member of the party staggered back into camp, frost-bitten and suffering from exhaustion.

This was the first tragedy to occur at the Heard Island base camp. It was established by Lieutenant Robert Campbell's expedition in December, 1937.

Antarctic exploration always has had its price. Australians have been prominently connected with it, since the first expeditions sailed south at the end of last century.

A Melbourne businessman, John Henry Bell, commanded the first Australian expedition, in 1897, to the Australian Antarctic Territory. Bell used a steam-whaler named "Antarctic."

Bell's party was the first to land on the Antarctic continent. They set foot at Cape Adare, on the western edge of the Ross Sea. On the return journey the vessel was trapped in the pack-ice, and nearly lost the crew. Only after an unexpected rise in temperature did the ice break up sufficiently, and enable the "Antarctic" to make her way into the open sea.

The second expedition to Antarctica also had a good Australian element. It was led by C. E. Rutherford, a New Zealand-Australian who had been a scientist with Bell's party.

Rutherford, financed by the millionaire British publisher, Sir George Newnes, sailed south in the "Southern Cross." They anchored at Cape Adare, where a penguin hut was taken apart and assembled. Here too men camped to spend the first winter on the Antarctic.

Until then, no one knew how cold the Antarctic winter was. Rutherford found it was 40 degrees below Fahrenheit, or 22 degrees of frost on water-ice at his base camp.

He men suffered dreadful privations. One man, a Norwegian scientist, died before the end of the winter. His body was taken to the peak of the nearby cliffs, and buried under the ice. Others went to their beds with frost-bite, malnutrition, and exhaustion.

In the depth of winter the men were marooned in their hut. Rutherford had to spend three weeks, without sleep, and phenomenally low temper-

nature, kept the men by their books. All of them suffered from stomach complaints.

But when the first rays of the sun came were seen in a reddish-orange day, the men were out and about to welcome the stranger. In a week, exploration parties were dredging round the peninsula, and attempting to drive over the continent to the source of the unknown continent.

Borchgrevink's party welcomed the 20th century with a special celebration-freeg, peacock-breast and scallops for all hands.

When the relief ship arrived, the men had spent 13 months cut off from the world—for there was no radio in those days.

It was only then that they learned the Boer war had broken out in South Africa.

The Australian story that thrilled the world was that of Sir Douglas Mawson's 1911-14 expedition to the Antarctic. The highlight was Mawson's arduous journey back to his Cape Denison base in King George V Land, after the deaths during a sledging journey for mapping purposes, of two members of the expedition—Lloyd, B. R. S. Mawson and Dr. K. Miers.

Miers disappeared without a sound into a crevasse, with a sledge carrying the greater part of the supplies and equipment. Then Miers died of exhaustion and privation.

Mawson, left alone, succeeded in struggling back to Cape Denison. During the return, lonely journey, he was forced to eat all his dogs, to cut his sledges in half, and to endure serious frostbites.

The deaths of his two companions delayed his return to the base camp, as a result of which he and five others had to spend another year in Antarctica, waiting for the relief ship, "Aurora."

FROM the Union States comes a tale concerning a harpooner gunner who rushed into a cabin shouting right and left, and shouting: "All you dark-skinned get outta here!" There was a general scurrying and everyone fled except one master little harpooner who sat imperturbably on a stool at the bar. "Well," growled the gunner, wringing his gash. "Well," said the other, "there certainly were a lot of them weren't there!"

At Heard Island now is the coldest time of the year. The snow will be hauled back to the roofs of the small cluster of huts that make up the scientific station, 300 yards up the beach from Atlas Cove.

There is only four hours good daylight at the month Antarctic in 1926, when the last expedition was wintering on the island, we did not see the sun for five weeks.

In 1926, winter exploration of the interior of Heard Island was abandoned, due to the poor light, and treacherous conditions of the interior. At Macquarie Island, where another expedition party had been sent, they were not so certain and tragedy followed. Their engineer fell through the ice surface of an unknown lake, and was drowned.

In the summer of 1926-1, I was for a time attached to the staff of the Royal Research Ship, Discovery II. The vessel was doing winter scientific work for the Commonwealth Government in the region of the Antarctic Antarctic Territory.

We were about 200 miles south of Heard Island when we heard the radio news that disaster had befallen the small British-Norwegian-Swedish expedition working in Queen Maud Land.

Three men were downed when a "reindeer," a one-horned whale, was lost in a narrow fog and driven over the side of the harpoon, into the sea.

In the Antarctic there is no continental wealth, only the whale remains round the edge of the ice pack. However, there is a world of scientific wealth.

At Heard Island, successive winter researches have been kept for four years. Investigations have been made into the activities of various rays, and the island had been plotted and mapped, both geographically and geologically.

To accomplish this, years upon have shot themselves off from exploration for 12 months at a time. They have suffered from cold and furious cyclones that make this the windiest corner of the globe.

At Heard Island, the Australian Antarctic Expedition has built up a hard core of tested explorers, who will be used later for exploration of the Antarctic mainland.

The Australian Antarctic Territory is an area of land the size of Asia's Indochina. Except for Macquarie's suggestion, and the recent journey of a French party to Adelie Land, the vast interior of the country is unknown.

At Heard Island, the party will not be relieved for quite some time. The kind of the two men will be hard to bear. In an expedition camp you live so close to your companion that you know each other better than you know yourselves.

The sight of two empty banks in the sleeping bunks, the absence of familiar faces at the mess table, will

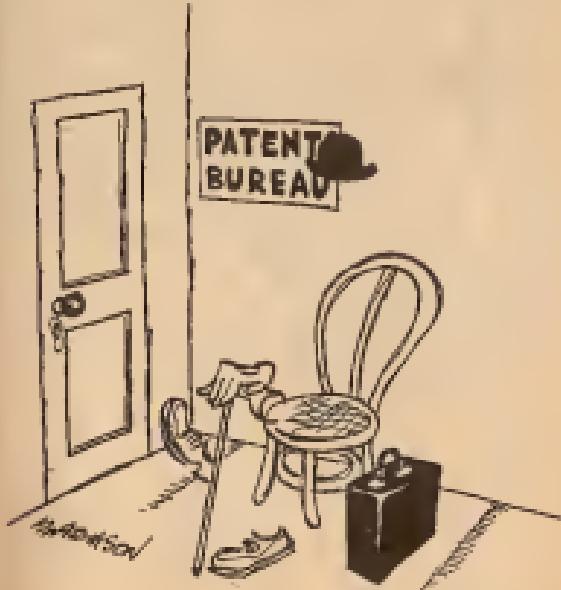
be memories that will haunt the others in the party for the rest of their stay on the island.

When these men return to their homes, they will have true an experience they will remember for the rest of their lives. No finer tribute could be paid to those lost at Heard Island than the cairn, which was erected by the Douglas Mawson, over the graves of Rixson and Morris, at Cape Denison. "They died in the name of Science"—a simple state-

ment, but it means a million words.

In the years to come, a weather station will be established at the South Pole itself. It will be manned throughout the bright winter, when the temperature on the polar plateau drops to 90 below zero.

While there is still a part of the world left to explore, there will always be men who want to go there. It is to such men as these that we owe much of our scientific progress and knowledge of today.



# Revenge on a King



COLONEL BLODDE'S engraving depicts the English Crown Jewels from the Tower of London, in the year 1301, in a prominent place in English history books.

But truth or nothing is hard, or even known, of a previous theft of the King of England's treasure on a grand scale. It took place in the year 1302.

The chief practitioner on this occasion was Richard Pudlott, a clerk who became a merchant of the City of London.

Edward I, known as "Longshanks," was England's King at the time. This

A fourteenth century engraving with a parchment border depicting the theft of England's Crown Jewels.

SPENCER LIVINGSTON

thief was greater in more senses than one. Tall and handsome, he was second perhaps only to King Alfred the Great as a royal legislator and administrator during the seven centuries or so of English rule before King Queen Bess arrived.

But King Edward I had his faults—and big ones. He exacting a lot of tribute in Flanders, so heavy that that country began to resent visiting English merchants as surely for the King's debts. Richard Pudlott was one of them.

In 1300, Pudlott visited Ghent and Bruges, where he dealt in wool—then a profitable and very profitable English export. He was seized as a hostage.

He managed to escape eventually from the Flemish prison; but he was forced to leave all his wares behind him. That made him a man with a grudge—against his King.

Seeking vengeance, Richard Pudlott disguised himself, took a boat to England, and found his way back to London, there to consider and decide what to do.

In those Piercedgeon days, there were plenty of robbers about, ever ready to cut a throat or loot a shop, in return for a consideration.

Richard Pudlott began by breaking petitions round the City of London and near the Palace of Westminster. They were petitions to the King. In this way he avoided a lot of suspicious disguised citizens, and made ready contacts with promising robbers.

At this stage in our story, it should be explained that Richard Pudlott later wrote down his own account of what happened on the evening of April 26, 1302. But that account is as obviously a "fairy-tale" except to put the hindsight upon himself that much of it must be discounted.

However, the plain fact that he certainly with accomplices excreted

what must be the greatest jewel robbery in history, cannot be denied.

King Edward's main storehouse of royal treasure was the crypt under the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey.

Richard Pudlott knew this, and a clever plan grew in the growing heat of his mind. He decided the stacks of royal treasure should be his to get the revenge on his king.

The only entrance to the crypt was from the Abbey itself, close to the treasury. According to Pudlott's account, he burrowed through the walls of the Abbey.

Anyway, sometime the wretched Richard got into the crypt—and got out again, apparently undetected, and with unbelievable treasures.

Richard Pudlott stated that he remained in that crypt for some 24 hours, until the morning of April 26. He insisted that he did the robbery alone.

Writing about this extraordinary numbered jewel thief some years ago, the Australian-born historian, Mr. Philip Lindsay, said that Pudlott's statement that it was a one-man job was palpably absurd, and that applies to his to the case.

All the local rogues, and certainly the Abbey people must have been in the know to say the very least.

Richard Pudlott said that he took a splendid array of glittering jewels away with him, much of which he dropped on the way to his home. That, again, was obviously untrue. So much jewellery was removed from the Abbey that one man alone could not have carried it.

It appears that after the robbery, the thieves went berserk. They and much of the King's treasure all over the place.

A chamberlain working in the Thieves' Alley near Westminster in the moonlight

## AND A ONE-PIECE FOR ME, PLEASE!

A wife, to urge a man to comfort,  
(Wishing to be pitied of him!)  
Thinks then he should drift to please her  
Femininely fickle when  
Urge he ignore the modems,  
Glosses that he does with taste,  
Shows her looks void of comfort,  
Likes him to look well arranged—  
Says a three-page suit's essential,  
His dreams of comfort on the shelf,  
He's then surprised to find the sorbakes  
In a two-grain suit herself!

hailed up a solid silver goblet. Plate and pearls were found by passers-by in St. Margaret's Churchyard, Westminster. Several cases, which proved to be the King's property, appeared on the walls of merchants in London, and as far north as York.

A gay and beauteous lady named Beresford dashed a jeweled ring before admiring male friends, and said that it was a present from her trifled Adam, the monk at Westminster Abbey.

The thieves threw other pearls into the laps of pretty ladies, and quantum satis as to the barrels of wine-shops.

The booty went everywhere, and seemingly almost everywhere, for there were huge masses of royal treasure.

King Edward was notified of his loss. He remained calm, and did not allow his better judgment to be damped by anger. That was the

way with Edward, called Longshanks. Always the legal lion, and a stickler for formality, His Majesty set up a special commission of inquiry.

The crypt was examined, witnesses were called, and a nationwide search for the property was made.

Some of the King's treasure was found beneath the beds of the Keeper of the Palace of Westminster and his assistant. Other pearls were discovered in the rooms of Adam the monk, the monk, and their servants.

And, of course, they made a godly haul of the stolen property in the home of Richard, Puddicombe himself, and from his widow, Jean Pever.

By this time many subjects had become alarmed at losing the unwilling receiver of stolen goods—and Royal treasure at that. They were afraid of the King's wrath, and of possible consequences. They hastened to return the jewels which

luck or fate had sent their way.

In fact, nearly all the King's treasure was ultimately recovered. Very little was lost.

Then came wholesale arrests, including the Keeper of the Palace of Westminster, the abbot and 48 monks of the Abbey, Adam the monk, and the star performer, Richard Puddicombe.

Then King Edward set the full justice by hanging the Keeper of the Palace of Westminster and his cohorts.

Remarkable, like a bolt out of the blue, came Puddicombe's "confession." He took all the blame.

The affair droned on for about two years. Then the King grew impatient. He had Richard Puddicombe (in his own estimation) and Adam the monk hanged.

Shortly before the rope had sent Richard to eternity, King Edward made a firm and prompt decision. In future he would keep his regalia, Crown jewels, and other personal treasure in a safer place than the crypt of Westminster Abbey.

Accordingly, they were removed to the Tower of London, where the Royal regalia and Crown jewels still reside, except when needed for the

coronation of a royal ruler of England.

The Crown Jewels of King Edward IV day are not those which His Majesty Queen Elizabeth II possesses—except the scepter and orb—the scepter, used for coronation.

Most of the present regalia and Crown jewels are those made for King Charles II at his coronation. Sir Robert Vyner, the court jeweler, almost singlehandedly reconstructed the old regalia, most of which Oliver Cromwell had disposed of after the beheading of King Charles I.

Colonel Breda's daring escapade soon followed; but the treasure wasn't lost on that occasion. That impudent robbery in May, 1711, has now eclipsed Richard Puddicombe's previous misfortune on the precious treasure of a great King of England.

Puddicombe's last stand has caused a colossal sensation at the time, but time does a lot of things...

At any rate the dark-moustachio who lost his wool in Fleetwood provided a very good reason why the British Museum's regalia and jewels should be kept, and closely guarded by Yeomen of the Guard, in that grim fortress known as the Tower of London.



SYNDICATE

Night uninvited warriors descended on the beach of Waihiki and challenged six hundred invaders massed there.

LESTER WAY



## Crimson undertow

THE beach of Waihiki has golden sand, water as blue as the tropic sky, foam that sparkles like hunting lightning of diamonds . . . You know the rest; you've read it all in travel advertisements.

It also has a history. It was famous in its own right long before a tourist enterprise grabbed it, fenced it in, and made it almost into a backyard for the luxury hotels.

There were people there long before the first missionaries came; people who now feature as picture-post cards against a background

of palms; people to whom Waihiki meant something very special.

And you know about those people, of course. The girls are beautiful, the men are large, they strain voices and sing and smile, while the women express honest respectability.

A sleepy, languorous place, a happy, kindly people, people who always had it easy, who never knew girls, who only laugh and sing and dance and make love. If you don't believe it, read the advertisements again. If you're a millionaire, book in at one of the hotels and see for yourself.

Waihiki is on the island of Oahu. There is Diamond Head at one end, a landmark standing up like a giant pyramidal. Behind the beach, beyond the pinekai, are the hills they call the Punch Bowl nowdays. They form a valley that used to be a dream of tropic delight, cool and shady, and very lovely. For centuries that valley was the favorite playground of Oahu's kings.

In the early spring of 1783, King Kekuhiva was raiding in the valley, armed no doubt by golden-skinned savages. Affairs of state were far from his thoughts, so the cruel king of Man Island was able to lead a powerful force of warriors without opposition.

The invaders landed on Waihiki, and they stood at total surprise. The Man king had this his play over a number of years, had prepared for the invasion carefully, passing Kekuhiva off his guard. He scanned over the red sunsets by any Oahu checklist, and occupied the entire length of Waihiki, right up to the foot of Diamond Head.

He deployed six hundred of his most trusted warriors and chiefs at the base of Diamond Head.

And there was a reason for that. There were very special reasons why Waihiki Beach had been chosen as the point of attack. The beach was secret. It was secret because, at the base of Diamond Head, stood the most important temple on all the islands.

The king who possessed it had Oahu's most potent gods on his side and an army who disputed that king's authority knew he was fighting against his own divided gods. So the invader secured the sacred beach, and placed his elite troops to hold the temple.

Over the hills, in the luscious valley, Kekuhiva hid himself from the

soft sunlight that held low, and cast swift shadows to surround his chiefs and warriors. Very quickly, he had a band of fighting men around him, and the invaders had not yet attempted to leave the beach.

From the rim of the Punch Bowl, the Oahu men looked down on Waihiki. From there, with some rules separating them from the enemy, they were hidden, ready to surprise.

Not only was their sacred beach occupied, not only was the chief temple of all Hawaii in the hands of the invaders, but the Man king had landed an overpowering force.

Leaving the gods out of it, the odds were three-to-one against Oahu, and they couldn't force the gods out of it. The odds, also, were against them. It was late afternoon. The shadows were lengthened, and they needed daylight to fight with speed, precision and chutz. They stood armfuls.

Only, there were eight who were not armfuls, eight warriors whose fame had spread throughout the entire group. Each had three men; three and seven, against armfuls of odds, and last came all veterans, each had a reputation of invincibility.

They seemed to believe in themselves, for, while the king captured plated his own armament men, others passed between them. They slipped away unseen, and out where they were not of housing.

Swiftly, they made their plans.

They waited for darkness, and then moved through the ring of hills toward the temple. They crept close to the temple, and waited for dawn.

With daylight, they moved on the enemy. Some of the six hundred saw them approaching; but no alarm was raised, for it was only eight men, keeping close together, not sprawling on the beach but advancing boldly—against an hundred.

They came as close that the in-

**ALMOST** everyone thought that Marshal John had won the first battle of the Meneo, but when the invaders began to write their books some of them had different ideas. A reporter went out to interview Jafha. "Tell me, Marshal, who did win the battle of the Meneo?" he asked. "I can't answer that," said Jafha. "But I can tell you that if the battle of the Meneo had been lost the blues would have been on me."

invaders reached out their hands to seize them. And, in that instant, the fight attacked.

Each was a supreme master of his weapons. They advanced in close wedge formation. Then, as they pressed into the enemy line, each warrior had to deal with only one assailant at a time, without fear of being struck in the back while he was shouting fury at the warrior in front of him. And they advanced, not against a line driven up for battle, but against an unprepared group—a group thrown off balance by the sharp confusion of the assault.

Methodically, the little band cut its way into the mass of disorganized chieftains. Foot by foot, they marked their progress by the bodies of dying warriors.

The picked men of Meneo began to fall back, begin to retreat as they saw use of their renowned champions fall with every blow. And the eight heroes still pressed forward, shouting no words, striking too swiftly, too firmly, to take any injury themselves.

The force at the temple was only a small part of the invading army, however. Puna began to ship it like a fever, and a cry went up for help, for reinforcements against eight men who were methodically killing them as calmly as if they were unarmored captives.

Reinforcements came, but the killing went on, and the eight were still unarmored, untrifled. More and more reinforcements arrived. When the eight were surrounded, they merely transformed the wedge into a tight circle, and went on killing, working at every blow, buffing their enemies by their unceasing cold ferocity. The piled dead now provided a barricade protecting them, and hemming the Meneo men who had to clamber over the writhing bodies of their slain comrades.

The entire Meneo army was soon streaming up Waikiki Beach to join in the chaotic battle, and only then did the leader of the eight whisper to his men to withdraw. As he left the harness of dead and dying, the voice faltered itself.

They fought like raging bears now. The measured calm of their attack gave way to an enraged frenzy. Known in the long history of Polynesia, were but such ferocity and speedy slaughter been known. They literally carved their way through a wall of living flesh.

And escaped without one serious wound.

They escaped, but the Meneo warriors gave chase. They overtook Puna, who was as valiant as any, but was bewildegred and not a good runner. Languishing behind in the retreat, he was tripped, thrown down, disengaged and captured.

The peasant was standardized. The greatest chieftain among the invaders claimed Puna as his prisoner. Lifting Puna to his back, face upward

he led the remnants of the invading army toward the temple. Puna's blood would stench on the altar, Puna's life, offered to the gods, would bring new strength to the Meneo army.

The seven fleeing heroes hasted. They clanged back to deliver Puna, but he was gone and shouting.

"You can't save me, but don't let them sacrifice me alive! Throw your spear! Aim at my stomach!"

Only one spear was drawn. Pupuna, leader of the band, could throw a spear that would split a stalk of grass at 30 yards, and this spear flew straight at Puna's stomach.

Puna watched it. In the instant when it should have passed over his stomach, Puna reacted his body away from it. The spear buried itself in the back of Puna's chapter. It passed the heart of the greatest chieftain of the invading force.

He shrieked once, and died.

Puna kept clear. All eight escaped,

leaving a desecrated altar behind them.

The names of these heroes are engraven in the memory of the Hawaiian people. When folk of the old times are gone, songs of the greatest battle on Waikiki Beach are most often heard.

Now, a tired millionaire lounge on the golden sand. He only half listens, as a muscular, brown-skinned giant strums a ukulele, and sings, and sings "Hawaiian" songs composed in Tin Pan Alley. A "Hula-girl" in a grass skirt dances beside him, leaning on the Biscay Coast, and the Waimea Pines to his companion.

"Trouble with these island folks is they always had it too easy," he explains. "Lazy climate, plenty of food, no struggle. They never learned to fight the way we had to fight, and people that don't fight go soft."

The tall Hawaiian bows. He strums his ukulele, and he smiles.



## THE END of *Arguments*



### www.MarketPlaceSmart.com

The colour of your hair comes from a pigment called melanin, which is generated in the body and supplied to the hair roots. As you age, body production less melanin. Thus the hair gradually loses its colour, beginning grey and finally white. In cases of premature greyness, the body has usually lost its ability to produce sufficient melanin as a result of an hereditary physical defect, an emotional disturbance, shock or worry, or one of a number of prolonged illnesses. No medicine has yet been found to stop up the body's supply of melanin. Consequently, you cannot prevent the onset of grey or white hair.

### How Fast Does the Sun Move?

Contrary to general opinion, it does not take such a long time for my-cov. buildings to get that way. Harvard botanist, Senator Eske, recently devoted considerable time to research on the subject. One of what we cannot say—unless it was to us and an argument as to a diversion from more important and pressing problems! Anyway, last spring, Mr. Eske started to measure the growth of a single shoot of my w<sup>g</sup> one of original Harvard's historic w<sup>g</sup>. Taking systematic measurements at 12-hour intervals, he established that that shoot (and thus, we suppose, a majority of other shoots) grew at the rate of 2.61 inches each ten hours.

For the statistically minded, it has been worked out that, at that rate, it would take a sheet of ice 10 years and 40 days to grow from the ground to the top of the McCormick Tower above New York's Empire State Building.

## What is the Problem? (cont'd)

Long considered and discussed with the idea of non-cracking, non-harassing, non-wearing, non-resonant and non-shed rubber roofs a general popularity appears. Test strips of rubber presented have been laid down in all American States in the past three years. In Washington, a special research laboratory has been set up by the Natural Rubber Bureau to conduct experiments with every type of rubber—natural, vulcanized and synthetic—an interest however and in different directions.

More Did You Mean Got In The  
Boulevard?

A New England sea captain, one Houston Gregory, was responsible for the invention of the reef. The captain was a bay at the time. Writing his mother flying driftwood, he noticed that the centers of what were then ordinary cedar-like stumps always seemed dryish. He suggested that the climate this past before evoking. The result was as good the usually never went back to the old method and the tree was copied by neighbors and others until it spread over the whole country.



# AQUATIC COMFORT

One of the easiest jobs we have is that of Bob Landau who spends his working hours reclining thus in the cool green waters of Forest Park for the benefit of a copy machine across the name of Bob Landau, No.

they're not trying the stretching qualities of one piece  
extending, neither are they retreating into the abstractions  
of the English sense of humour by a study of Batch, which  
is *that* in helping the attention of the audience the central



You really want home when they're doing? All right we'll hold out no longer and whisper that they are demonstrating what may well be the World's Greatest Boat in San Francisco. If, by chance, you find mystery of the intricacies of the possible beyond you an interesting California import has come up with the "Floating Chair". Even a playful name with thoughts of sailing away together come as you are to easily disconcerted by the happy crewmates.



No longer need you sit by the edge and struggle a position to, no longer need you take a belly-boat over the shallow end. For you, as this material needs, choose a new life in swimming comfort at all times. (Unfortunately we cannot introduce you to any of our delectable beauties.) It's not surprising, of course, that our customers prefer to keep them for himself. Can you blame him with you prepared character inspiring that crop with such quality?

# Should the unfit be STERILISED?



LEE GUARDE

Is it possible to eradicate crime, poverty and mental defectiveness by medically prohibiting the weak and infirm from multiplying?

**STERILISATION** is a relatively simple operation which makes it responsible for a woman to conceive or for a man to fertilise a woman.

Its supporters claim it is essential for the improvement of the race and the breeding of better stock. In their view, mental defectives and other unfit people should not be allowed to breed and transmit disease.

While many physicians support compulsory sterilisation of the unfit,

they generally agree that the case might be worse than the disease. Who, they ask, can decide whether an inevitable disease of to-day will not be responding to a wonder-drug next tomorrow?

Take the case of the Oklahoma boy who was sterilised by an orthopaedic doctor as a "feeble-minded trouble-maker." During World War II, he became a water-carrying mule in American tank regiments.

After the war he recovered, started his own business and was soon earning over \$1000 a year. His wife wanted children, and he finally had to tell her why they could not have any. As a result, she sued for and obtained a divorce.

This was possible because in a majority of the American states, and in a number of foreign countries, compulsory sterilisation is legal. More than 500,000 people in the United States have been so treated, but the laws that permitted it are not uniform and are sometimes more than vague in their definitions.

For example, West Virginia and Oklahoma provide that any person is liable to sterilisation; Iowa and South Carolina only specify sufferers from venereal disease. California makes all epileptics liable, regardless of their mental condition or intelligence.

There are no such laws compelling anyone to be sterilised against his or her will in England or Australia. There is even some doubt whether a doctor can legally perform such an operation at a patient's request.

A nation-wide organisation works in England at a price of an egg every 2 months of six children, who agreed to be sterilised after being informed of the enormous neglect of her 16-week-old baby.

Lord Horder, the physician to the King, stated there was no doubt such an operation was illegal. "In such cases there is no legal protection for the doctor," he said. "It has been known for a woman to change her mind afterwards, and the surgeon who performed the operation and got damages."

As a result, the official B.M.A. view tends to a "wait and see" that "it is unusual for a doctor to sterilise a patient, unless he is certain that without it the patient will come to

serious harm or has health well suffer."

Nevertheless, a very strong case can be made out for the desirability of sterilisation in certain cases. Of course, adequate safeguards to prevent abuses or abuses would have to be devised.

The operation itself is horrid. With men it is performed in less than ten minutes. Known as a vasectomy, it involves the cutting and tying of both sperm ducts. Modern medical opinion is that laws of affecting a person's sex interest are unneeded.

Dr Clarence Gould of Boston recently reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* on a survey of vasectomies performed by 20 mostly recent men. Thirty-six of the men had no decrease in sexual desire or capability, nine of them had an increase. Forty-seven of the men had all of the usual and they were satisfied with the operation and would undergo it again if they had such a choice.

With women, sterilisation is more complicated and requires at least two weeks in hospital. It involves operating on the abdomen to gain access to the Fallopian tubes, which must be cut and tied. As with men, there are no physical, mental or sexual effects. There is definitely no protection from the management as is generally believed. It has simply made impregnation impossible.

In cases of mental deficiency particularly, which is on the increase all over the world, some form of eugenics sterilisation seems to be both wise and humane.

As far back as 1934, an expert committee set up by the British Ministry of Health recommended that sterilisation should be legalised. So far no government in the British Commonwealth has seen fit to make such a move, but it is a question that will eventually have to be faced up to.

# Crime Capsules



## COURTHOUSE FRANKNESS

Samuel S. Liebowitz, a famous American lawyer once demonstrated the value of frankness—by appearing frankness—with a jury. Defending a man in a murder case, he put him in the box and bluntly asked: "What has been your verdict?" The prisoner replied: "Professional pickpocket." "If the jury should acquit you, what will be your compensation in future?" "Professional pickpocket" was the prompt answer. "My client was acquitted," Liebowitz later explained. "He should have been, as there was not enough evidence against him to convict. But if he had not given honest answers to my questions, the opposing counsel would have dragged it out of him an circumstantial. Then the jury would not have believed any of his testimony, and we might have lost the case."

## BLINDFOLD ROOM

Most prevalent crime in the United States these days is kidnaping, the holding-up and robbing of trains, banks with valuable merchandise. It has been called "the hottest touch in crime." Last year kidnappers' thefts reached \$1 million dollars. This year it has now risen to a quarter of a million dollars a day. Prevalent lost of the robbery are clothes, liquor, tobacco, television sets and metals. Kidnapping is a highly skilled criminal

trade, calling for patient and expert planning. In the gang, the "operator" has the job of "hiding" the theft, that is selecting a certain truck and escorting the route and cargo; the "trapper," of course, takes care of the driver and his officials; the "spotter" follows the stolen truck in a car in which of approachers disguised as "drop men" provide storage or warehouse facilities for the goods until the "lifter" can dispose of them. Kidnapping really got its start back in the Prohibition era, when gangsters started commanding their chief labor contractors. The reason for its phenomenal increase of late years has been the growth of truck transport in the United States. Trucks now carry one-fifth of the total freight handled. With long distances to be travelled on lonely roads, the trucks are tempting prey to the mobsters.

Safeguards now being adopted by the transport firms to combat kidnapping include sealing of stored funds with the most reliable locks, marking of goods with reliable ink and informative placards and screening of employees to prevent "lifecarrier" getting inside information. More effective, however, has been the installation of recently-patented burglar alarms or warning devices. If any part of the vehicle is tampered with, they set a siren wailing and still the motor.



# Shadow from Abroad

from

Abroad

"THEY WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT THEM," CLEARED PARATA SUDDENLY. BRANDT SAW WHAT HE HAD TO DO—FOR ALL THESE FAMILIAR STRANGERS.

PAUL WARREN GRAHAM • FICTION

A TAWNY man crossed George Street at his post five. As he entered the mouth of Wyndham Station, another figure moved away from the latter box against which he had been leaning, and fell into step beside the first.

"Steve, you seen him yet, boss?" asked the bigger man.

A few paces ahead of them, reddish hair tickled above the shoulders of a very lean dress. Even from the back, Brandt recognised the girl. He had never spoken to her and had no particular desire to do so, as she was just another of them—the strange whose faces had become familiar.

He answered the question shortly. "No—but he arrived all right."

They came almost of the book-end and stopped. He went over to buy two evening papers. For some months he had done this before he and Brandt started on, with all the others, to the girls under the roof of clubs and saloons.

But on this day they walked there; they had an appointment.

He handed the newspaper one of the papers, then started conversation. "I wish we were home, home. Bill. He was the one who was deported—no one else."

"I thought you liked it here."

He shuffled unequally, then pointed. "That's just it; and somehow I don't like mounting the place up." He picked his head at the people

## IN THE GRIP—NOT OF THE GRAPES

Once I knew a man who sold  
That in his workshop he had  
A vice;  
He made his skins quite  
proudly, but  
I didn't think it very nice;  
He strove to justify himself,  
To have my concurrence of  
any price;  
Back to his workshop I went—  
and found  
That he really had a very nice  
vise.

surging so hardly. "These won't even  
know what's hit them."

Brent was silent for a time, his  
eyes wondering.

Around them, the faces reflected  
some truth, as many dull, some at-  
tractive, as many not. Suddenly he  
knew why he had fled Sydney.

He and Elsie had been part of the  
good here—not aspirants and praying  
men.

As quickly, his mood changed, and  
he was considering other days. The  
bad days before Luis Perini. It was  
Luis Perini for whom he was wait-  
ing now, and no whose associations  
he had erased. The Perini train had  
found a wild boy who beat everyone  
and was hated by everyone. And he  
had shaped the boy and polished  
him until he became a very special  
kind of man—Luis's man.

"Here he comes," said Elsie.

"Oh, hellish world have a ticket.  
Elle over and get me, will you?"

The passengers were dark blue, per-  
fectedly tailored in an English way. He  
was of about Brent's height, with  
plump lips smiling an otherwise

good body. Dark hair wavy & lustrous  
above a pale and narrow face.

"Hello, David!" he cried heartily,  
thrusting a soft hand forward.

"Good to see you, Luis. We'll just  
make a train."

When Elsie passed them they went  
along to the barrier, chatting pleasant-  
ly.

On the platform, Brent saw a  
slight, red-haired head was plucked  
proudly. It was the same girl whom  
he had seen earlier, going down the  
station ahead of him.

For a long time now, the bad regu-  
larity harbored the same sense of fa-  
tigue, usually by the same date. Often  
as bad friend himself crushed  
against her in the press of people;  
she was, perhaps, the most familiar  
of the notorious strangers.

And as three passengers stepped from  
the platform on to the train in a  
certain west U.S. city, the author rea-  
lized the two twenty men would have  
been recognized. Not just her.

Elsie unfolded her newspaper and  
started to read. Luis Perini lit a  
cigarette and glanced at his watch.  
Brent stared at the girl who stood  
before him, watching one of the tobacco  
pills for support.

Luis responded in his car, "They  
won't know what's hit them."

Brent smiled at the coincidence.  
They were the same words that Elsie  
had said but a few minutes earlier.

At Penn Station, most of the strangers  
swelled in, cheering and laughing.  
Somehow, Brent was shoved away  
from his companion and given to  
the girl. He shifted his head until  
a touch had on the pillar, as they  
had touched on other occasions. Only  
it was different now. Without speak-  
ing, each had admitted his awareness  
of the others presence.

He chose to the girl, Brent looked  
more carefully than he had ever done  
at the faces of the other travellers.

Because his most familiar stranger  
had accepted him. It seemed that they  
had all done so. They all seemed  
more slow and good natured. He  
knew that it was happening only in  
his imagination, yet the idea clung.  
The real hand, at least, was real.

Then he looked around and saw  
that Elsie and Luis were both watching  
him. The latter heartily. Brent squirmed over to his shoulder,  
realizing that Luis expected him  
going off now.

"What's the redhead?"

"I wouldn't know," whispered  
Brent.

"Seems like there's something be-  
tween you," muttered his friend. "I  
hope you haven't been—"

Brent cut him short, "I told you  
no."

As the train pulled out of the great  
station, Luis stopped at Brent's  
door, doffed his to the outer door.  
Quite a number of passengers had  
left the train, and those who re-  
mained were mostly looking towards  
the same side, where a slow train  
was drawing past.

"Sorry, David, don't get nose about  
it."

"Why should I?" Brent was an-  
noyed, though.

"After we're stranded, you can  
have all the women you want."

Brent said slowly, "Maybe you'll  
find things different here." Some-  
thing made him turn and look at the  
stranger. The girl and the others  
were all watching the slow train,  
when passed on them, then fell back,  
then overtook again.

He thought of that other city in  
another continent, where had their  
own harbored a train, by any unlikely  
chance—they would not have had to  
stand. Luis Perini situated there,  
buying, frightening on, when necessary,  
destroying.

He heard the whisper, "It won't be

different long. Luis Perini is setting  
up house."

And suddenly, startlingly, he heard  
the voice. For a strange instant, he  
was not with the strangers. David  
Brent was a very special kind of  
man. Perini caught only a glimpse  
of the hand before its palm cracked  
against his thumb.

As he opened his mouth to cry his  
name, the steel went harder—just  
above the Adam's apple, silencing  
him. Already Perini's body was  
against his, pushing only a little.

One severe moment, but it was  
enough.

Soon after, the red-haired girl  
looked around, listening. "What was  
that?"

"What?" asked someone near her.  
"That funny noise." She had a  
high, pleasant voice. Brent thought  
it very unpleasant—not one he would  
like to listen to often.

She was smiling at his friend, her  
breast first passed. "Where?" He  
stared around, then cleared his throat.

David Brent felt cold. The mood  
of sympathy towards these strangers  
had passed, but he felt no regret for  
his action. To the anyone was to be  
weak, and he would never admit  
that his reason had been other than  
a maternal one.

Therefore, when the two remaining  
strangers walked off along a plat-  
form, Elsie remarked, "It was about  
time you woke up. The boys have  
been tired of Perini for a long time;  
everything's going now."

"Well, we have in a week," said  
Brent.

"The nerve of the guy—thinking  
he could bury us in this dump."

The familiar strangers crowded  
train and train and bus, hopped  
about suburban streets. A shadow  
had crested across an ocean, but they  
had not felt its touch.

And it was their victory.

GREGORY BARKLEY • FICTION

# Night of

# the Chinese Lantern



If you don't believe the right never  
doesn't work on it, because you  
never will later. If you do, see your  
party. I don't need a new surprise.  
I've learned to live with the memory,  
but I'd like to see the pleasure of it  
a little. That's why I'm writing about  
it.

I suppose you've guessed that I'm  
going to talk about a girl, and you're  
right—only this one's different. I  
haven't had every man or love known  
but that's different.

It started at an open-air party—  
Chinese lanterns, soft music, laughter  
bubbling in and out of gay  
champagne and heady cocktails. I  
was right out of my class, only a  
friend of the friend, whose received  
the deliberately performed invitation.



And until I saw her that's how I  
left. Afterwards I don't feel anything  
that I can write about. I kept  
watching her, waiting to catch her  
between conversations or dances, but  
she was a very popular hostess and  
I don't seem to have a chance.

Then our eyes strangely met, her's  
peering over the shoulder of the man  
she danced with. Neither of us looked

away, but after a few moments her  
partner moved her around. After the  
dances she came across to me. I'll  
never know why.

"What's your name?" she asked.  
"Barry Damon. What's yours?"

She said it was Margaret. I told  
her she looked much prettier than  
her name sounded. She laughed  
beautifully and we started to dance.

**BALANCE OF TRADE** A small newspaper on a city street had a dateline reading: *Local man with \$10,000 around his neck announces that he was for Hitler.* A name-by-pagename list of who was press. "Twenty thousand pounds," was the non-chalent reply. "Don't be silly," said the man. "There isn't a dog in the world worth that." The boy looked at him. "The dog is," he insisted, "and that's what I'm going to get for him." Right then the man passed the newspaper he noticed that the dog was missing. "I see you disposed of your dog," he remarked. "Did you get your price?" "Yep," said the boy. "Twenty thousand?" "Yep, took in a couple of \$30,000 coins for him."

sleeping mostly on mixed clysterns.

We were together for the rest of the summer, but I don't remember what we did or anything else except for one incident. It was during one of the last dances. Margaret raised her head from my shoulder and I looked at her.

Half the time had gone from her eyes but I guessed that a million still were there. They were dimmed, though, and I wanted to know why.

"What's wrong?" I asked her.

"Some people are awfully dirty," she said and covered the remark with a smile as though half-afraid.

I kissed her and you might think that proved her point, but it wasn't that sort of kiss.

"You're a very wonderful fellow," she said after a moment. "We should have met before. Say when I see you. We might have gone well together."

The way she looked at me took all the brightness out of her countenance and looked at with regret — regret for what years of her life. She smiled nonchalantly, though, as if what she'd said were a joke, and I replied to her with understanding.

The moment I left her I knew what had happened to me—the thing you don't believe exists until it starts

knocking you around inside. But the next morning I wasn't sure. The harsh sun was like a laughing嘲笑, so I went to see her, to feel out if it was the same as the day as it had been in the night.

It was early morning when I arrived and walked through the porch.

I knocked on the open front door and because there was no answer I entered and called her name. The silence exploded that nobody heard me, I began wandering through the house, trying to know her from what she lived with and traveled and behaved against, until finally I found her in her bedroom.

She was lying on the bed, her cream flesh not really concealed behind the delicate lace of her black night-gown, one hand plucked tendrils into her hair the colour of new-mown hay glowing in the sun. She was really beautiful—the most woman never seen, but she was dead. Breathless, the pulse dead, later.

I must have stood there quite a while, wondering about that night, I mean, and the emptiness of existence. When the maid came back with the coffee I was still there. It was she had left the front door open

in her place that was now hysterical. I don't remember a lot about the week that followed, except that I went to the funeral. There were a lot of people there and I was still out of my shell. Margaret's name ended very prettily as she splashed the crowd of dots on the polished wood of the coffin. A few of the other people have died too and then later, but I stayed to watch and saw the grief-stricken paperboys paperboiling the wet news down at her and then just to watch where she was buried.

When I left the cemetery I began drinking and walking and drinking again until finally I was drunk and out in it I came to sit Margaret's sister's phone.

Aside from the funeral I had only seen her at the party and I had never spoken to her. I was surprised then, but now I think she must have followed me around and taken over when I was too far gone to know or do anything about it.

I woke up lying on a couch I could feel the rough of my skin pressed where someone had rubbed my collar and I felt sick and dirty. I coughed and Margaret's sister came through from the kitchen.

"I'll get you some coffee," she said and walked out.

I went across to the window. It was still raining and a few people hurried through it, past somewhere, meeting some other people, being able to talk to them. I envied them.

"The name's Morris," she said.

I turned and she was smiling again with her mouth. Through the wings of coffee steam that rose from the tray she held, her face looked very strange and I suddenly wanted to get away from her.

"You loved her, didn't you?" she remarked casually as she poured the coffee.

"I don't know," I told her and

sighed, "Who did you bring me here?" "You were drunk," she said and handed me the coffee.

I said, "I think I better go."

"Why?" She didn't even look up as she asked. That was how much she'd expected me to stay.

"Because I'm sick."

We both knew that wasn't the reason, just as we both knew I'd be back to hear what she had to say. That was why staying at I didn't any good-bye. I simply picked my coat off a chair and walked out.

That should have ended it and I should have taken up where I left off on seeing Margaret. I didn't, though. Instead I began systematically to drive myself and wandering who and where. And all the time I knew who held the answer and I kept away from her just because of that.

Until one night I dreamed. When I woke from it, my pajamas were clinging wetly to every part of my body. I made up my mind then to get out before I went crazy. Somewhere I'd find a place, the other side of the world if necessary, a sleeping place where it was hot during the days with cool nights and free people and plenty of fish.

It only took a cold shower and a need to walk me up to myself. I wasn't going anywhere for a while.

All that day I stopped myself checking the telephone directory, but when the dark came I knew I was going to give in. I never can hold out long when I want something badly, even though I know that if I get it I'm going to feel like hell.

Mom started to laugh as soon as she found out who it was.

"So you finally went to see me," she started. "They all did sooner or later, all wanted to know something about her—strange creature. Also me?" She replied. "And such one

wanted to be the last and thought he would be. But you're the last, darling, the very, very last, unless of course the drink!"

I hung up on her bawling laughter.

Outside it was cold and I began walking. Without design, I told myself, but after two hours I was running. Moore's doorkill.

She opened the door and leaned against the porch. She was smiling, and I thought how pleasant it would be to feel my hand against her blonde hair, kissing her face into the well I slipped past her and went through to the lighted lounge at the end of the dark hall. I heard her laugh as she followed me.

In the light her steplike breasts grew disappears off every curve of her body. She was beautiful, but she seemed to shiver through her beauty that she was going to create and grow old very quickly.

"I am going out," she explained from the packed cabinet, "but when

you come I decided to wait for you. I know you'd come."

Still smiling she handed me a whisky. I put it down and went across to the window. I was waiting for her to start and after a minute she did. She surprised what she'd said over the phone, quietly taking up the dark helplessness of a lonely woman. Her voice, thick with alcohol, was drowned by bawling.

I heard her make two trips to the central cabinet at the spoke. Then, unaccountably, I stopped bawling. I probably started bawling about Moore—how she was to me and what we would have done had there been time.

It was quite a while before I realized that Moore had stopped speaking. I turned. She was sitting down staring at me and she looked as though she hadn't had a drink.

"You haven't been bawling, have you?" she said, her voice almost normal. She laughed oddly.

"Who did it?" I asked her quickly. "You," she said.

"Me?" I confirmed what she said quickly, because for an instant I believed her.

"You." Her voice suddenly soft-spoken with weariness. "She had designs with you. You're her murderer as surely as I could slay her through the hand. The one the police are looking for is only—"

"Who is he?" I sat in, hardly believing that she knew, and wondering what I'd do if I found out, and why she was silently crying there in the big chair . . .

"He was her lover," she said firmly. "When he went to her that last night, he couldn't understand that she could say no and that it was all over—surely because you'd come along."

"Who was he?"

Again she refused to answer. "The man who picked up the pillow and had it—"

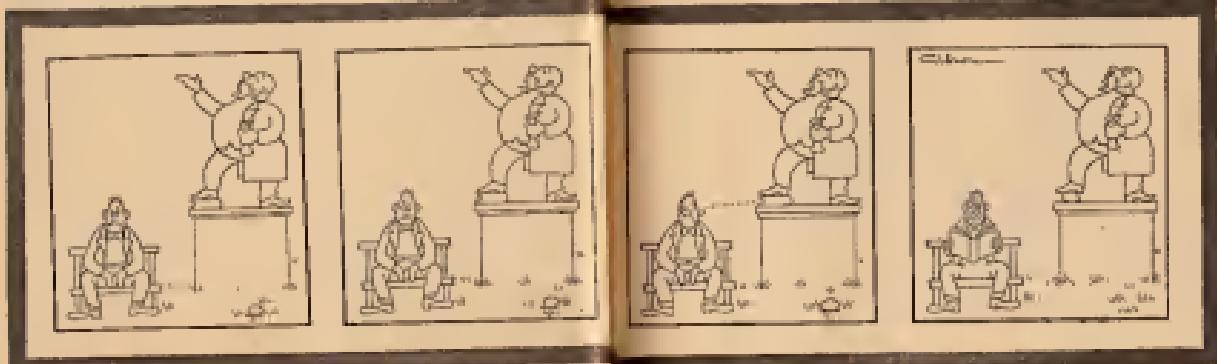
Grabbing her wrist, I pulled her up against me and asked the question again, this time eyes, squeezing with tears and wrists.

She laughed contemptuously and rolled away.

"What would you do if you knew?" she asked, and when I didn't answer, she said, "You haven't the guts to do what you're thinking."

Her words and the way she looked caught me. I felt my face change and she caught her breath. She went out of the room and when she returned she had on a fur cap and carried a handbag. I realized that she was taking me to the man whom name she wouldn't say, but I still didn't know what I was going to do.

We must have driven for hours. I don't know. The dead for me. I went to see Margaret after the meeting after the party, and she was waiting for me. Night fell as I approached her, and the garden lit up suddenly with the Chinese lanterns. I under-



YOU AUGMENTED FIGURE  
THIS FOR YOURSELF?

Somebody's wife?  
Somebody's daughter?  
She learned the lesson  
When I caught her!  
She so much liked  
The things I bought her.  
She took, rather more  
Than a good girl ought!

stood it to be Margaret's last birthday party. We were dancing . . .

"This is it."

It was a house, huge and alone. At the door, Moira started a key. Her breath had snarled.

"The thing does up poor right up the stairs," she said. "Don't be afraid. He'll be alone."

She swung the door away from us and I noticed I had made no decision, and I was incapable of formulating one.

As I crossed the wide staircase and approached the door, I thought idly about justice and the police and the law.

Finally I had my hand on the door. Opening it, I switched on the light. Instantly a man jumped up in the bed, his eyes snapping with fear. A noise left his mouth, and I knew he was trying to ask me who I was.

I walked closer to the bed, so that I could see him better. I pictured him placing the pillow over her head,

and probably lying along her body to keep her still, and pressing very hard where her hand was in her hair to keep it there . . .

The look in his eyes suddenly changed. He knew exactly what he was afraid of now, and he yelled.

"Don't! Please!"

Then the shot came, shattering the floor and the night. Even without turning, I knew Miles stood behind me.

"I never intended that you should kill her," he said evenly. "I just brought you for company, and so that I wouldn't run away afterwards, even if I wanted I wouldn't need to be chased."

I turned. The gun hung from her hand, as though it were heavy as the world.

"He was my husband," she said. "He came to me as soon as he'd done it. It was the first time in six months that Tj saw him. But I always knew he'd come back. I didn't think, though . . ." her voice trailed off and the last words I heard were "He died."

Suddenly her body tensed.

"Did you hear what I said?" she barked wildly. "He came back to me!"

Then she went limp as though everything inside her had snapped, and she began to shake. She opened her mouth. I couldn't hear anything, yet I knew she was screaming.

+

And that's all. That's as far as I take you, except to say that I've heard that place where it's last darkening the days and end of night, and where there are free people and plenty of fish. The rest is a memory. Occasionally, though, a dream comes sleep strong with Chinese lanterns and reliving a lot of dead scenes. It happened last night, and this morning I feel I've written this



"You made a lot of friends since I married her."

# "Stick to the LAST"

PUMP SEWN BY  
GIBSON

With the price of book re-  
pairs or it in these comes a  
time in every man's life  
when he deems it do his  
own repair ...

Open! ... That's torn at ...  
Oh, well ... I guess I can put  
the heel back with the rest of  
the soles ...

A good trick is to take the  
leather on in the square ...

And carefully trim the edges afterward.

This is usually where the  
foot and toe comes in ...



Well, there she is! ...  
Not exactly near, natty  
or gassy, but isn't it a  
show! That the minx  
taised its companion out  
with the rubbish last  
week!



# STRANGER And Stranger



## PLUVIAL . . .

Professional rainmakers may soon reach the spots where they will be contrasting to send down the proverbial downpour of cats and dogs. Kenzaburo Asada, who also serves as a doctor of science at Osaka University, was recently engaged by the Kansai Power Company to fill the reservoirs at Fukui, a town 130 miles west of Tokyo in the province of Yamanashi. Dr. Asada plans to use the usual dry ice or silver iodide; but to prove the rain is really his and not some competitor's, he has postulated he will send it down colored green.

## MECHANICAL PRIMROSE . . .

Latest and reportedly the brainiest of the robot calculating machines became developed around the world in the baby of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which its proud parents have named *Whetland One*. It can take information from the memory, use it to solve a problem and then file the answer away again for future use. This little dove *Whetland One* can do 20,000 steps a second. Used in an air traffic control center, its sponsors claim, it could "receive information by radio or radio from hundreds of aircraft approaching or leaving at jet speeds, analyze the data simultaneously and sort out a pattern flight for all the various planes."

## ON ALL FOURS . . .

According to Dr. Frederick Landrum, of the University of Illinois, when men stand up and become a two-legged animal (an untrained million years ago), he doomed himself to a variety of diseases and ailments. Varicose veins, for example, result from inability of the valves and walls of the leg veins to stand the pressure on the varicose blood column. Similarly with our intestines, which because of man's upright posture get little support. The result is often hernia. Difficult childbirth may be caused by deformation of the female pelvis resulting from the overburden of body weight as a man stands on two legs. In London with these ideas, people try to the nose out. Gravity causes carry out proper drainage of the organs when you are standing upright.

## TRADE . . .

About at least three-quarters of the people of the world, pearls bought and sold seldom have a fixed value. The price paid is determined only after negotiations between the buyer and the seller. When the parties wish to keep the price a secret, the negotiations are carried on in a cipher code under cover, which it takes years to master. Prices for rugs in Persia and robes in Burma are settled by two men spreading each other's hands beneath a table or a piece of cloth.



*Bob Schatz*



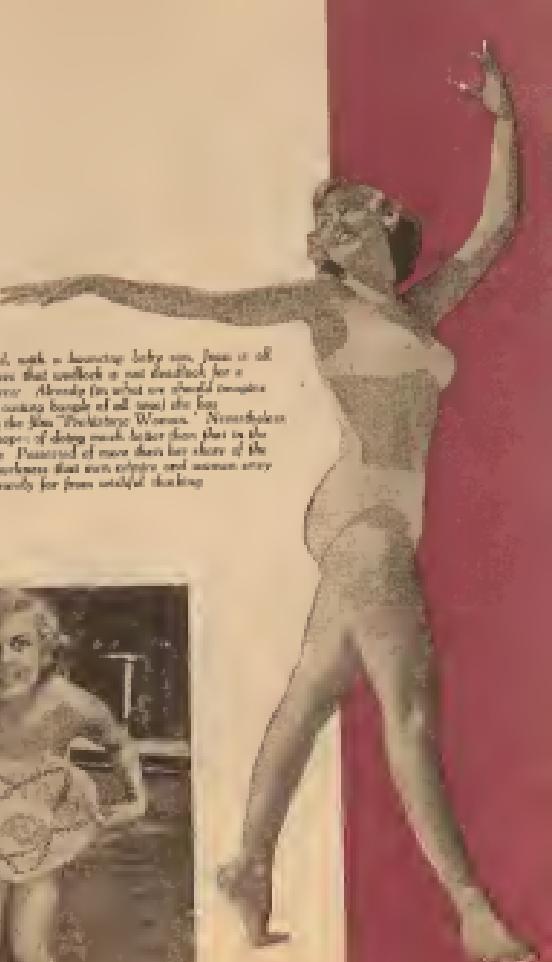
"I didn't say you're not as pretty as you were ten years ago . . . I just said it takes you longer!"



## *An argument for a* **MODEST BIKINI**

That's a title that might well be given to one blonde from Hollywood whenever you might expect such from Hollywood. We haven't seen Jane in a more scandalous bikini, but, really, she could hardly look better than she looks in this one but modest ones, could she? It may be her make that's causing our confusion. Were off old fashioned enough to believe that there isn't a woman in the world who isn't prettier when she smiles.

Blonde, with a glowing baby tan, Jane is all set to prove that well looks is not deadlocked for a woman's career. Already for what we should imagine is the dozen coming bouquets of all, now she has appeared in the film "Priscilla Women." Nevertheless she has hopes of doing much better than that in the near future. Possessed of more than her share of the famous looks that won millions and millions every day, she is ready for more world-shaking.





After a busy evening in her polished English roses completely equipped with a swimming pool and two or three for a holiday, Alice could say, "Just a need to flop down for a much needed rest. Why should she need a rest? Well, as an adult doggo, when she isn't working, over-exercising from her home equipped with a full programme of bullet visitors, overactive owners, over-thirsty drinking and running and running people. Is it any wonder she hasn't yet had time to jump into the pool and not those additional hours?"

## pointers to

## BETTER HEALTH

### ANOTHER LITTLE DRINK . . .

A new explanation why people become alcoholics has been advanced by Professor Roger Williams of the University of Texas. He believes they are born with dietary needs that are hard to satisfy. "As soon as they begin to violate the rules of good nutrition by drinking quantities of alcohol," he says, "these deficiencies stimulate craving for alcohol and a vicious cycle is started. People who get everything they need nutritionally never become alcoholics." By experiment, the professor has proved that rats raised on a completely omnivorous diet will not touch alcohol, those getting a deficient diet, however, cannot resist it.

### TRANSPLANTING ORGANS . . .

That the day may not be so far off when diseased and worn out hearts and other organs will be replaced is seen in experiments recently being carried out at the Chicago Medical School. Surgeons there have succeeded in cutting a dog's heart into the neck of another dog and there it may be seen beating for as long as 48 hours—for longer than was previously thought possible. The dog is unharmed and lives on after the heart dies, on his own normal heart. The problem in transplanting organs has long been "tissue compatibility." Clinically, Surgeons

taken from one of a species will not survive when transplanted to another. In humans, the only success so far in this regard has been with corneal grafts from the eye and blood vessel grafts. The dog experiments, however, are sufficiently encouraging for the work to continue.

### FICHTY FEET . . .

Three out of every four persons, it is estimated, at one period of their lives are infected with the skin disease known as athlete's foot. Despite its name, however, you do not have to be an athlete to be plagued by its effects—running blisters, and scaling soaks between the toes—which are easy to get, hard to cure and can be so crippling as a broken leg. Many remedies, including tomato juice, white oil, triple dye and salts from various kinds of metals, have been suggested in recent years, but to date the parasitic fungi that cause the condition are still unknown. The best way to keep them at bay is to keep your feet clean and dry, change your socks frequently, use your shoes, wear light and well-ventilated shoes (barefooted children seldom contract athlete's foot) and dust talcum powder between the toes.

# When the girls roll 'em



SYDNEY GEDGE: *HERIT*

America's screaming, thrilling Roller Derby has boomed with television to show the girls and their fights to the fans.

**SPORT** is where you find it. We agree that the statement is not limited with epigrammatic brilliance, but at least it covers a substantial load of solid truth.

The pell-mell, slip-sliding Swiss board is a type of performance now which will light at the stop of a trial of anyone chosen. Large bags of Swiss currency are wagged each year on the outcome of international contests.

When you first watched a game of Gridiron football, surely you must have felt an occasional wave of sheer amazement in the might of your shoulders.

In that vast secret area behind the Iron Curtain, it is said that alternate foot-slapping is an item mentioned in the Russian encyclopedias of sports records. A couple of comedies registered as *Wayout* and *Michaels* readily stand as passable slip-

ping freaks of 26 hours straight—the recent champion of the USSR.

Over in Wales, the big, tough men of the mines have a sport that easily matches that of the Comrades for pure rappelling. They call it gurning. Two contestants stand face to face, each with hands on the other's shoulders. An official calls "Go" and down in the Welsh vocabulary—and each starts kicking away at the other's shins. First man to lose his shoulder grip and kick away for safety is declared defeated.

That is quite a line-up of strange but true recreation, you will agree. To think, it would surely be the best incentive in any single nation. Strange as it may seem, it has been developed by the United States.

America's contribution to the pool of popular play can equal any or all of its colleagues. In fact, it manages to combine most of the romances of all of them.

There are only a few isolated districts in the U.S.A. where the Roller Derby is still unknown.

Roller Derby has set odd women on wheels. They have also set a partner Mr. Belter on easy street. Mr. Belter introduced the partner and presented it to a standard where a dollar sign would be an apt analogy for the sport. He was assisted by critics in the form of television.

There was a period when, way back in the middle 1930's, Belter's roller skating show riveted their staff before audiences of two and three hundred, and everyone was neatly happy—including the proprietor of the show.

Along came *Velva*, and sport-minded householders were satisfied to see the TV screens filled with beauty, roundly-bound beauties.

Then suddenly Mr. and Mrs. America tired of the noisy effects of the screaming racketeers.

There was a pleasant unquelled national cry for something less frantic and more lively. In answer to this, Leo Belter, now rated #1, was willing to change, thrust forward his roller skating team. His roller derby was a hit on the TV screen. They were at least three parts of a riot in the flesh, too.

Now a couple of million screen addicts press closer to the video set when the belles on the half-bearings wheelie themselves their bottoms. Let's take a look at one of them shows.

The name is, maybe, Medium Square Garden. Fifty screaming roller girls are streaming forward in their seats, yelling themselves hoarse.

Down there in the center of the stadium, there is a circular, steeply angled track. It is like a cycling track, but much smaller. Sound and round the track there are girls roller skating at some 20 miles an hour.

They pass each other, yelling and pushing as they bump. Suddenly a pair comes to grief. Ouchingly, they crash to the board. The board is really on. They kick, scratch, bite and gouge as they roll to the outer edge of the track.

Police and officials come screaming and pull the offenders without special. They will stand and sit as they are finally suspended. The fees in their raised seats are now favorite for the night of blood.

The rest of the stadium have gathered their screaming rush around the board track. Lap after lap they go. Then there is the sharp, sudden clash of wood as metal as shorts enough.

A back-pitched screen cuts across the label of the spectators. A half-bald blonde bends to ease herself as she dives from-foreword down the track. Half a dozen of the fellas bump her body as she lies still. Two ambulance attendants run but quickly

and with expert efficiency from the track.

The crowd is now breathless, and shouting: "Can you see her?" "Is she the best?" "She hasn't scored!"

Of course the Roller Derby is a crazy idea, but it is a craze that pays a big dividend. There is a serious association—or league—as the Teams term it—and there are five stations in each town. Teams compete for the championship three times each week.

There are over competitors in the Roller Derby too, but when men bump each other into an expensive, the result is merely the throwing of a few punches. With her long hair and talon finger nails, the female of the species produces a much better show.

When the Roller Derby set is not playing in a big city stadium, it is in action in the big towns of the television back-up. The mobile squad total is about 20. The contests are fast, short, evenly divided.

Training equipment includes a portable menswear racing track which supplies 10 laps and an average of six spills to the mile. There are also showers, medical room and other comforts.

Penalty boxes are included in the plan. A miscreant skater is sent to the penalty box for punishment. Sentiment to the wooden pygmy is apparently the maximum penalty imposed for breaking promises, rules or laws.

A squad is divided evenly into boys and girls. Boys compete with boys for 15 minutes, and then the girls take over, to the delight of the male beholders. They alternate throughout the evening.

The actual racing is like a miniature auto-race race. The fastest rollers in each team score for points. A point is gained for passing an opponent within two minutes. Two

points are available for passing three skaters, and five points are waiting for the Derbygirl who can come home from the race and hold a full team of five goals.

The business of agreeing past the opposition is no pushover—even for the fastest roller skater in the world. Teams of skaters force points to deter ambitious opponents. Their determined methods are apt to give unfeeling skates to gridiron football coaches.

At the end of a match the paying public sends its war-hurrahs, still jockeying with enthusiasm; television set owners reuse their plug-and-go concentration, and waving and jiving teams of skaters split their share of the gate—\$250.

Proprietor and promoter Seltzer is fond in his declaration that his girls are prettier than the boys. He has hospital records to prove it.

Most ferocious wild women on wheels in the circuit is a dramatic, four-foot-in-sixth, explosive dynamo, Miss Marjorie Clair Beulah. Only two years ago, Miss Beulah had to be removed forcibly from the track—so that the audience could release her of a six-inch splinter embedded in her back. She had carried it for several minutes. In the racing of the rollers, Miss Beulah is known as "Touchie."

Miss Virginia Beulah told the *data* that she had not been quite comfortable on the track for the past five weeks. An X-ray revealed that Miss Beulah's discomfort was due to a fractured pelvic bone—the result of a mortifying encounter with a red-headed roller girl from Miami.

Jean Yvonne, of New York team, did a grand job of publicity for the show when New York met Miami 12 months ago. At the time, Jean was having a track accident with a rival. Her opponent caught her unawares smacking her against the rail pre-

venting the skater from a ten foot drop to ground level. Her head cracked on an upright. The scalp wound needed 50 stitches.

Personal touch keep the paying public's interest at fever heat. Most famous is that between Little "Touchie" Beulah, skipper of the Brooklyn team, and Glory Murray, five-foot-one-inch leader of the New York group. For almost ten years they have been jostling and bumping each other.

When Miss Seltzer decided to include each beholder into the scheme

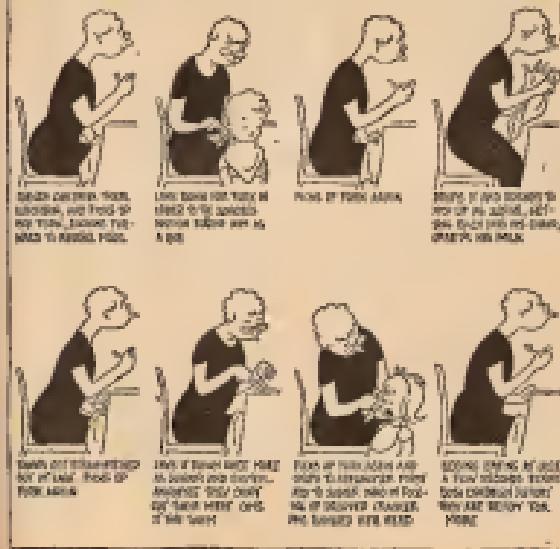
of roller skating things, Touchie screamed herself hysterical. "There is a last, Mr. Seltzer," she wailed. "I have my eye on a handle that I want to rip open from here to Texas."

"No dice," recovered the uncooperative Mr. Seltzer. "Players wanting concessions will have to obtain same in their own time."

How are the female wen, into the rough roller game? Men enforcement is good, solid math — and there is plenty of it. A good downtown son collects more than ten thousand dollars in a year.

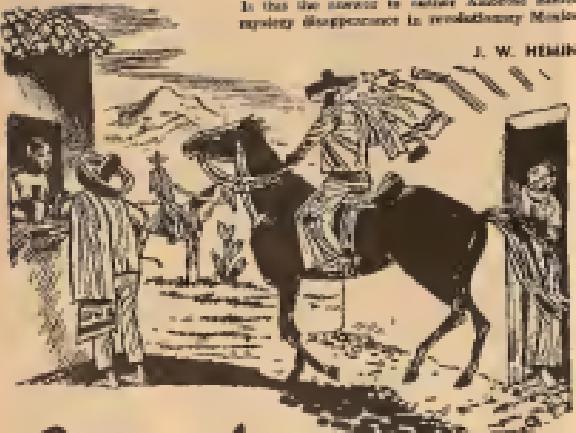
## RESTFUL MEAL

By GILBERT WILLIAMS



Is this the answer to author Anderson Barron's mystery disappearance in Revolutionary Mexico?

J. W. HEMING



## Fate of a Fiction Master

**A**MERICAN FICTION'S main line of a producer was death—in the street. His biography tube has an American patina, but he was the most famous for his fictional stories about killings.

Brown had also some experience with horrific news-songs in the actual. The son of a farrier of Ohio, at the age of 20 he entered the Union army as a volunteer, served throughout the Civil War, was twice severely wounded.

After the war he went to San

Francisco and took on journalism. In 1882 he went to London, and used his graphic humor in "Trix," and three other volumes, which made him famous as "Hatter Barron"—his name becoming proscriptive "Barron."

He migrated back to San Francisco in 1888 and then began to write short stories, but no one would publish them.

After about ten years of toiling, he decided to publish himself, and in 1901 brought out a book of short stories, called "In the Month of Laff."

which was an immediate best-seller. Many other books followed, but none was as successful as that first one.

By 1912, after writing about the horrors of death for many years, and seeing little of those horrors, Barron decided it was time to get away again. He was then a young man of 61.

The nearest place to see death in the wholesale way was Mexico, where a bandit named Pancho Villa was making dresses his life work.

Barron visited his daughter in 1912 and told her he was going to Mexico. "I'll buy a donkey and have a pony. I can see what's doing, perhaps write a few articles about the situation."

He wrote to a friend, Mrs. J. C. McCracken, on September 18, 1912: "I expect to go to South America, possibly through Mexico, if I can get through without being stood up against a wall and shot in a group."

He wrote to his wife, Mrs. C. A. Barron, on October 1, and finished his letter with: "Goodbye—and you hear of me being stood up against a Mexican stone wall and shot in a group, please know that I think that a pretty good way to depart this life."

The same day, October 2, 1912, he left Washington and headed south towards Pancho Villa.

Let us take a glance at this Villa. He was born Doroteo Arango, in the Mexican state of Durango, on October 6, 1878. At the time of Barron's trip he was just going his 34th birthday.

As a immature youth, he got together a gang and changed his name to Francisco Villa. Later, for some reason of which history does not tell, he was given the nickname of Pancho.

Villa was not a nice boy. He was educated in the Three R's—robbery, rape and rustling, and later he was to add another R—revolution. His

well-organized band of cut-throats in the northern states worked so well that a price was put on Villa's head by the Diaz Government.

When Villa got a chance to muscle into the now-dead responsible state of politics, he took it, putting Madero in 1911 in his recall against Diaz. Diaz had been, except for a few-year interval, dictator since 1908.

Francisco Madero's revolutionary army struck a little trouble because a man named Villanueva Harris was pulling a counter revolution in the east, and this Harris happened to capture Villa. But you couldn't hold a bandit like that. Villa escaped across the border into Texas.

Madero pulled off victory and became president, which was a very good reason (Madero) for several more revolutionary armies to spring into being, under command of Zapata in the south, and Obregon and Plutarco Elias (nephew of the former president) in the north. Madero's chief general, our old friend Harris, with whom he had earlier joined forces, now deserted him. He turned on Madero, threw him into prison, and let the guards quickly assassinate the president. There was never a dull moment.

A guy named Venustiano Carranza did not like the treatment of his old boss, who had made him president at Coahuila. He protested against Madero's murder and started a new revolution of his own. Villa went back into Mexico and joined him.

Into this vortex of changing presidents, assassinations and intrigues, moved Anderson Barron. And quickly vanished!

With Villa's assistance, Carranza overthrew Harris, and became president. But Carranza looked upon Villa as a mere bandit and when Villa asked for his reward from the gods

of office he was still packing. Naturally, Vito started his own investigation, but was defeated by Carrasco's chief counsel, Orosco, who seven years later (1950) had Carrasco assassinated. Carrasco himself was assassinated in 1952.

Somehow among all the fighting, Andrade Barea disappeared.

Evidence seemed to suggest that he had joined Vito. And Vito was a ruthless killer when he felt like it—and that was always. He might have taken a dislike to the general's curiosity or something?

When Mexico had one of those rare quiet spells between revolutions, many investigation went into the mystery where Barea had been seen.

There was one rather vague story that Barea had left Vito's side to join Carrasco, had been captured by a Vito general and that. This was disproved, as were other stories of a like character.

He was an inveterate letter-writer. Now is it that he did not write to his daughter, his secretary, or one of his numerous friends? Or why wasn't he seen and recognized by the dozen or so American newspaper correspondents who were with Vito's army?

Hypothetical and paid investigations went on probing and following leads until they prised out the Carrasco Government that took a hand. It appointed an American-educated Mexican officer, Garcia de Freia, to conduct an investigation.

De Freia set off with a dozen photos of old men, one of them Barea, showing questions and showing the photos—along the interrogated to pick out Barea to substantiate my story well, then moving on as they failed. But although De Freia was in the opposite camp to Vito, he could find no trace to join Barea's ranks on the battlefield.

At last one Salvador Barea re-

ognized Barea's photo and said that Barea had accompanied him—he was a Vito's officer—in the siege of Oyanza, from a city fort whence had come Barea's last letter. This was in December, 1952, not long after Barea had arrived. There remembered Barea going to the barrio, which was a working-class, but he never saw him after Oyanza till on January 11, 1953.

The attack was under the command of a Vito's general named Orosco. Vito passed him on January 7, six days after the siege had begun. After the battle, to prevent the spread of typhus, Vito had the corpses of his men and the enemy dead piled in heaps and burned.

It was an hypocrite custom, but acknowledged reason for historical purposes of identification of the killed. Nevertheless among those bodies was that of Andrade Barea.

Having solved the mystery in his own satisfaction, de Freia dropped the matter for 20 years. He was traveling America with a motor cycle troupe when he found an appeal from Carrasco McWilliams, Barea's benefactor, for news of Barea.

The Mexican told his story, and, with that to go on, McWilliams round up other witnesses who corroborated hearing of the shooting of an old general in the siege. And McWilliams friend excepted the papers of Barea's dead secretary a sentence taken from Barea's last letter, "Death is no to Oyanza, partly by rail."

So there is no doubt that Barea's labelled body was exhumed outside Oyanza, and that he had died in battle, in a way he would like to die. Which winds up the mystery of the death of Andrade Barea.

Just in case you're interested, Vito was assassinated in 1952. Those boys had one for bala—but not to let it!



"This might be a general. Why a pretty gal would find time for a whole week on that?"

# UTILISING A NARROW BLOCK TO ADVANTAGE

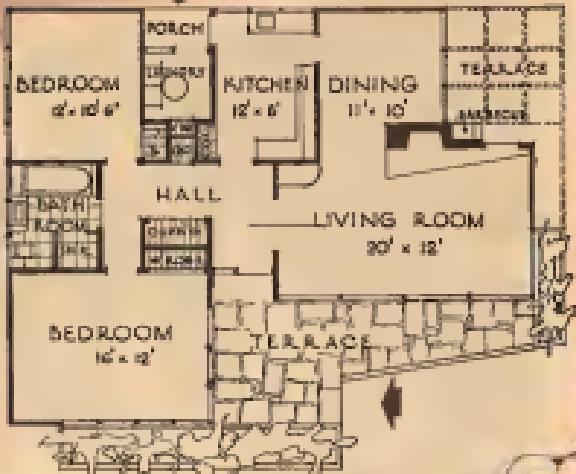


Although it is easier to design an attractive and impressive home with a wide frontage, it is still possible to produce pleasing results on the narrow, 20-foot building lot which are common to most suburban subdivisions.

CAVALCADE suggests, in the accompanying sketches, a home for such a block.

The recess facing the street has been provided to increase the living room area. In addition there is a second recess at the rear of the house on which a barbecue is placed. There are two bedrooms, each with a built-in cupboard. The kitchen is fitted up with the usual cabinets, and a food store cupboard in addition. There is a convenient soap and laundry cupboard opening from the laundry, as well as a coat and linen cupboard in the main hall.

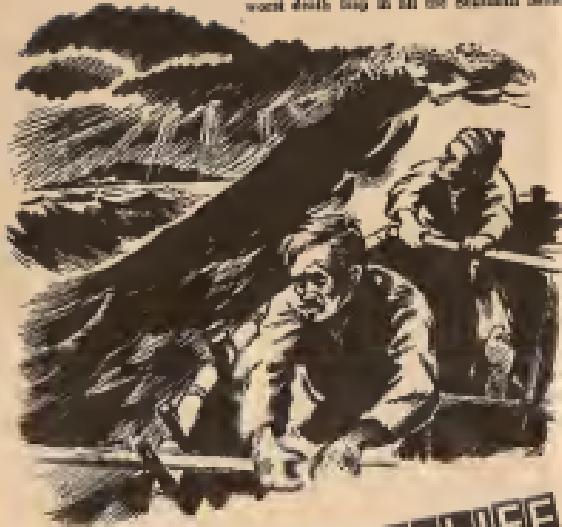
The overall area of this house, which could be built in either brick or timber, is 1,130 square feet.



The Home of Today (No. 94)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

The flooded Auckland Islands were the worst death trap in all the Southern Seas.



## BATTLE FOR LIFE

CEDRIC R. MINTPLAY

IT started on a night of rain and drizzling sun which masked the sound of breakers on the rocks. The twenty-eight men aboard the barque *Dundonald*, bound out of Sydney for London, the place was a broken mass of rocks and swamps and scrub-covered hills known as the Auckland Islands—a sea-trap sprawling to south of New Zealand in latitude fifty south, full in the path of sailing ships running to the free, cold seas below Australia, Good Hope, and the Horn, and feared by all mariners.

The survivors shivered the night out, then crept ashore. Twelve were gone, including Captain Thompson and his son. The others knew there would be an untidy burthen, for the sea, down, was gray and passing with cold.

"Where?" They looked about them. The barque was gone, beaten to fragments against the rocky cliffs. Their abode was small, not much more than a cook shack. A long six miles of churning, breakers were separated from them by the blue-green bulk of the main island.

"Where are we?" asked little thirty-year-old Albert Roberts, the ship's boy.

"Despairment Island," groaned a bearded old sailor. "In the Auckland—The most desolate bairn o' rocks in all the Southern Seas."

They gathered round him, demanding information, and he told them his words punctuated by the snap of the snap rats.

"Don't let the survivors feel ya' Father-did years ago it foisted Charles Gardner, and the biggest English seafarers, and Queen Victoria herself. They set out in ranks if the whitest capital of the world—shipped out a compact village o' wooden houses. Their food ran out, an' ranged various traps, an' stores, but na' whalers. In the end they left the village abandoned an' left."

"So the village is still there?" Roberts asked.

The sailor shuddered. "Bolted away long since. Never was no one in anybody. The schooner *Grafton* was lost here in 1881. Her crew of five had been on rocks and birds for eighteen months, they managed to repair a boat. Three of them sailed her to Stewart Island, more than two hundred miles north."

"Thus there was the *Inverness*,

short the same time. Twenty-five men aboard, and all but one got ashore—and all but three did this. There was rescued the other two that the men found the body of one lad in one of the old huts. Then there was the *Glacier*—that's near them somewhere, in a cove under the cliff, w/ her valuable cargo from the Australian goldfields still aboard. The survivors were rounded up and made him—ten out o' eighty-four.

"A' twenty years ago there was the *Derry Castle*—I almost sailed in her. Right swamped out of twenty-three. They were wrecked at Dredgy Island, but they built a raft, crossed to the main island, lived at the wreck depot until rescued."

"The wreck depot?" breathed the Australian, Bob Ellis. "You mean there's no food and shelter—over there?"

"Aye." The old man grimmed at his companion. "The New Zealand Government put in a hut at Coalier Harbour, an' stocked it w/ grub. A Government steamer calls every so often."

"Then all we've got to do is get to the main island an' live in *Inverness*!" roared the Australian, Mick Gration.

The old sailor gasped, and looked at the dying man. "That's all we've got to do," he said.

The following days and weeks were fully occupied with the business of staying alive. The survivors had one precious gift—the raft of fire. A search of pockets produced firewood, sulphur matches. After three days of paddling in the tidal reaches the houses dry enough to light. From then on a fire was kept burning.

With their bare hands the men fought and killed seals, moulting, and by wandering about, often pulling down their quarry by sheer weight of numbers and dogged strength and slapping it to death.

THOSE numerous claims that shatter up your insurance policy are sometimes horrifying. Recently a Kansas City surgeon paid \$1000 to assure against loss of either of his hands. Sometimes, in the policy, the word "limb" was inserted instead of "hand." Later, the doctor was involved in a shooting accident on a hunting trip and had his right foot amputated. Under his insurance policy, he collected \$10,000 — and still had both his hands to carry on his profession.

The weeks open out into months. Police find and are buried under a storm of stories. Always in the distance the huge hump-backed shapes of the ocean island mock them.

In mid-July they started work on a craft designed to carry three men across the intervening water. It was a terrible-looking vessel—an oval-shaped framework of the twisted legumes of various shrubs, covered with leaves.

On July 11 the canoe was carried into the water and held steady while three men climbed aboard. They were Michael Poli, a Finn; Santiago Munoz, a Chilean; and Bob Kline.

Armed by a fair wind, and manipulating makeshift paddles, they took a long time to work their way offshore. The others watched as they drove their way towards the main island. A day later they saw smoke—and then nothing for nine more days.

On the tenth day the canoeists have to sight, moving very slowly. It lay over in the surf, and was washed to pieces. The sailing con-

cerns dragged the crew to safety, but one look told them that there was no good news here.

Bob Kline told the others how the three had toiled for three days through interlocked scrub, swamp and tangled trees until their endurance was almost gone. On the way back they were suddenly attacked by a wild boar, but the three survivors and desperate men were a match for him. With a weapon that would not be destroyed, they took wounds from the boar's tusks in order to drag him down. The most hurt them another few days, but they could find nothing of the depot.

It was now at the depth of winter. The survivors needed every shred of cover they had to shelter themselves and their precious fire.

The men spent the time in scrabbling round the rocks looking for shells, and in searching the sun-pounded crevices at the foot of the cliff for eggs and living mussels.

Two more canoes were built, slightly larger than the first one. At the end of September one was launched, and soon was assembled, into it. The boatmen except the crazy craft survived, while the surf caught it and dashed it to pieces on the rocks. Miraculously, all four men were saved.

The survivors waited ten days before making another attempt. The third canoe was a little smaller than the other two, and its crew was carefully chosen. Everyone had a feeling that it was of the nature of a last chance. If it failed, they would all die of the food gone bad. The crew comprised two men, Watson and Bryn, a Norwegian named Knudsen, and an Australian, Gration.

They made the crossing safely, but the surf spilled them on the rocky shore, smashing the canoe and

scrapping the fire they had carried over on a fuel. Burned and bloodied, they spent precious time digging for the food that had been in the canoe. They were drying their clothes when their meat came to them out of the boat.

It was a big white male, plainly typified by the swollen scrotum of the water. Without stopping to put on their clothes, they threw themselves upon it. With the broken blade of a penknife they killed and skinned the seal, then made ready for the journey in search of the depot.

Their main loss had been the fire. Without it they could neither cook the seal-meat nor signal their friends on Disappointment Island.

Now they dogged steadily inland, making no more than a mile or two per day. There too at times, and twining branches and craggy-crevices sheltered them for all their course. They had one objective—to win their way to a high point on the island and try to pick up where the depot might be. At dusk on the fifth day, weary and spent, they found themselves on a ridge. They staggered up limply, before them was a white post, and on it the legend: "Depot 4 Miles."

In darkness they pressed ahead, Mike Gration lagging the others going with a mix of exhaustion and speculation. In moonlight they saw an inlet before them, and at the head of the inlet the roofs of three huts. A rich site was revealed to their tired eyes—fire of wood, biscuits, meat, blankets, matches, a rifle and ammunition, and a boat.

After a day or two of rest, they set out to rejoin their comrades. There was only one way to go that time, to circumnavigate the northern part of the island—a distance of 30 miles.

On the first attempt the boat was capsized, but on the second they waded the waist-deep, and waded out across the shore in single, unbroken line. The experienced seafarers of Disappointment Island could scarcely recognize their four miles as the new clothes they were wearing.

The boat was then pressed into service as a boat. It loaded the seven blind contestants on the western shore of the main island to make the round trip, and took the others around.

In good heart, the men waded down for a long stage. They served out little bags, which they furnished with portions of their rations before turning them loose upon the sea. They gazed ashore and listened intently to them.

But their ordeal was almost over. On Friday, November 16, 1952, a sleek, polished steamer was sighted steaming in for the island. She was the New Zealand Government steamer *Minerva*, an one of her regular runs around the wreck depots. Within as long as the contestants had their long-dried tea and tobacco, with many other comforts. Within a fortnight, after the ship had landed other islanders, they were landed at Bluff at the southern end of New Zealand.

The contestants scattered to the four winds, following their calling and the seasons. The boy named Alastair Roberts at one point became employed by the Wellington Harbour Board.

In his possession is a silver plate which was once part of a little service boat the contestants launched from the depot, and which made the long journey to Campbell Island. The frame of the first canoe is in the Christchurch Museum—a tribute to fifteen men who would not accept defeat.



## Popular Champion of the 23 h.p. Field!

# Zephyr-Six

Brings New Amazing Smoothness of Ride . . .  
New Meaning to Flexible Power.

This car will change many persons' preferences. It's "Ford-built" economy and advantages are way ahead in the 23 h.p. field. For instance its O.H.V. 23 h.p. engine of revolutionary "over-square" design provides performance and silky flexibility that are as immediately noticeable as its amazing smoothness of ride. The driver notices something more . . . a sense of stability, instant control that comes from a combination of the new front-end suspension, perfectly balanced steering, the car's low centre of gravity and remarkable road vision. There's a host of similar new features in Zephyr-Six . . . and not the least is the roomy comfort for five to six passengers.

Enquire from your local Ford dealer.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LIMITED

**MASH KING**

# DIAMONDS OF DEATH

BY SICKLEY GRENDEEN

DRAWN BY PHIL BELVOIR

WE'RE SPECIALISTS IN DISASTER  
FOR THE TELEVISION STATION,  
UNIVERSITY, THEATRE, RADIO,  
ADVERTISING, BOOKS, MAGAZINES,  
RECORDS, POST CARDS, &  
THINGS TO WRITE ABOUT.



WANT TO KNOW  
WHAT YOU EXPECT TO  
GET OUT OF LIFE?











Look for this Sign . . . it's your guarantee of . . .

*"Happy Motoring"*

**ATLANTIC**



TOP RATED  
CAR MOTOR  
OIL. ATLANTIC  
SERVISE FOR AUTOMOBILES  
SPECIAL MOTOR OILS  
SPECIAL MOTOR OILS  
TURBO MOTOR OIL  
NO COMBINE CAR CARE



Wherever you go on any highway look  
for the Atlantic Seal. It's your  
assurance of top quality service, and  
top quality products, backed by the  
world's oldest and largest refiner.

ATLANTIC ————— ATLANTIC MOTOR OIL  PARADINE 



# THE FLYING MACHINE

HE THUNDERED DOWN THE STRAIGHT OBVIOUS OF EVERYTHING BUT WINNING THE RACE HE HAD BEEN WARNED TO THROW

GRAHAM BLACKWELL • FICTION

WEST DYMON, back in the stirrups and his body draped across Dancer's long, short-necked neck, drove his mount toward the turn into the straight. The reins close to his hands made a fistlike white blot through the base of dark mane.

Half-way down the straight he drove his body against the smooth, collar neck—he clenched mouth against the horse's left ear exciting a loud croak from him. West and Dancer were old friends—Dancer and West could handle the soft leather better than the saddle-blanks.

He turned leader approaching the post, whirled into the packed car for an instant effort and drove Dancer hard within the line. Then he leaned back tightly against the reins and raised the horse up half a furlong further down the course.

Sam Finch, West Dymon's master, and Dancer's trainer, led them off the track, his short, paunchy body leaning with rhythmic excitement and all of his fleshy, clear-blown face flushed with a deep flush as the sweat-drops.

"Have a look, son, four furlongs."

He rode desperately with whip and boot, leaning hard against Dancer's neck,

in fury-nose, he came down the last furlong in twelve full into that wind. "This is something the gods reward!"

West grinned as he loosened the wooden strap around his neck and gave the lug out an affectionate pat. "I reckon he's gonna give the afternoon's Derby a mighty shake, Mr. Finch. Whatever beats Dancer will just about win it, if you ask me."

West dismounted then and walked the horse back to the stable attached almost adjacent to the race-course behind the dressing room sheds. Finch walking beside them, and in his eyes was the same look of affection for the horse as in the boy's.

Sam, the lanky chestnut, had been first on the track that morning Finch, the veteran iron-gray, had hurried and winced to all the wrinkles, had wasted his charge without effort. West figured he didn't want the opportunity to see just what they were up to, and with his gun in the racing come he ought to know what he was doing.

Dancer was pranced down and fed by West under Finch's earnest supervision. In spotless silence, Finch

had watched West working on the colt with untiring effort.

"You're in love with that colt, aren't you, son?" he said then.

"Of course, Mr. Finch," West returned enthusiastically. "Dancer except me all my life the day he made the *Hurricane* Finch told him he was 'narrowly' not ready to run.

From above, Dancer whinnied as if to acknowledge the boy's compliment. A bay grin crossed Finch's face, and West held his hand up against the horse's head. Dancer's eyes didn't even flinch beneath the warm, heavily-palmed cupped against them. Those eyes seemed to express a kind of mute affection which subtle boys and dyed-in-the-wool horsemen understood.

West, throughout his years of apprenticeship, had waited patiently for the day when he would be good enough to get a race ride on a track call 'the Dancer.' That was what his father had hoped for, too, before he had the fatal race crash, leaving West alone in the world with no one but Sam Finch. His father always used to boast the lad would make a famous jockey one day. West still he was, in a way, carrying a torch for that future his father had predicted.

As Finch's apprentice rider he was used to the hard work it demanded. He neither liked the exertion while riding, excepting out, running horses down, freedom, walking, galloping the horses on down the gallopage, putting them to bed and for the most part, being with them.

But never for a moment did his exclusive water-to-air existence on that day be lagged up in case colters on the back of a horse like Dancer with the chance to fulfil his father's hopes.

But he had made a start, even if

it was an unconscious one. Finch had given him a few rides on provincial tracks. He had displayed unusual courage and horsemanship, even though the master Finch gave him always "narrowly" to run.

So, West would go on looking after Dancer, getting him conditioned each Saturday for Finch's number one pony, Johnny Ryan. Then one day he'd be a Johnny Ryan, riding all those exhilarating trials of thumping down the straight on a close thoroughbred, length ahead of the field, with Finch's colours following in the wind and his ears filled with the frenzied cheering in the packed stands.

"Anything about the colt you want me to tell Ryan, West?" said Finch in his drawling way, forgetting nothing that might have a bearing on the afternoon's race.

"No, Mr. Finch . . . what about Dancer this afternoon?"

"We'll get there if they please. Rover Bay this I think they will. But all the Derby fields gonna see that—Dancer's out, eh, lad?"

West nodded with enthusiasm. Then Finch said:

"I want you to galloper on this stall and鞭策 Dancer in the stall at the other end . . . and West, watch that horse, Rover, I mean, he's a vicious boy of himself. That's why I want him stabled; he'll look his way out of the stall like in now then and run."

After breakfast West made his way back to the stable enclosure and released Rover, the tiny, jaded stallion who had been passed Dancer.

Rover led Dancer out of the stall and hopped his big one at the far end of the enclosure, according to Finch's instructions. Then West went to collect Rover, and led the giant

# Pelmanism



## Scientific Training of Mind, Memory and Personality

The Pelman Course questions the perceptions, develops the ability to concentrate, increases memory power and firms the will. It maintains the processes of sound judgment, exercises instant power, resulting in greater initiative, ready acquisition of useful knowledge, and the making of wider social and business contacts.

The new tool you can occupy the road that there is no room for groundless fears. Men and women Pelmanists are capable of surmounting the numberless to them of outside events, of realising the progress of circumstances and of adapting themselves to new and sometimes bewildering situations.

More than 45,000 men and women in Australia and New Zealand have used Pelmanism to extend and develop the following attributes and qualities:

Self-Confidence	Judgment	Social Ease
Concentration	Will-Power	Initiative
Decision	Self-Control	Observation

and a Field-Test Memory.

Pelmanism develops these qualities quickly and permanently. They become habitual mental processes, maintaining themselves steadily and easily, and largely without conscious effort.

**SERVICES APPROVAL:** Pelmanism has been approved by the Services Education Co-ordination Committee as a basic Course suitable for study by permanent members of the Navy, Army, and Air Forces. Application may be made to an Education Officer.

"**THE PELMAN METHOD**" describes, in detail, The Pelman Course. Copies are posted free on application to The Pelman Institute, 21 Gloucester Street, 199 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. All agents are invited to consider. The Institute has an extensive representation.

### New Zealand Agents

The Pelman Institute, with the approval of the Executive Body, has made arrangements with the New Zealand Education Department and with the New Zealand Ministry of Finance, to fulfil the requirements of the Pelman Course in New Zealand. Applications should be made to the Director of Education, Wellington, State Office, Wellington, or to the Pelman Institute, 21 Gloucester Street, Melbourne.

### TO THE PELMAN INSTITUTE,

21 Gloucester Street, 199 Flinders Lane, Melbourne,  
Please send me, free and post free, a copy of  
"The Pelman Method."

Name:

Address:

City:

station back to the stall. Dancer had just wretched.

Buster was scared. An outraged chortle he had sent panics and Fresh a lot of following misery because he preferred to savage other horses and crash through the barrier strands rather than run honestly. The newspapers labelled him an outlaw, the track panics called his harsher name. Fresh didn't really know what to do with him, though the track panics would have been pleased to give him a few suggestions.

The other stable boys were afraid of Buster, even since he had bolted out of young stables and put him in hospital. But West could handle him. In fact, West liked Buster, mainly because of that horse's amazing resemblance to Dancer.

Buster had the same markings, a diamond-shaped smudge of white on his forehead and a white tick on his near foreleg. Each time West looked at Buster he saw Dancer. But Buster was savage, too savage for a racehorse, and West knew better than to turn his back on him for too long or to take any chances with him.

As he walked the horse across the exercise yard, Buster snorted and swung around suddenly on his hind legs. When he came down he landed on West with bad legs. West dashed back, then closed in slowly, shortening his crop level and growing the snorting horse above slowly, taking all the time in passing him, although he knew there was little chance of doing that.

Buster tried to kick his way out of Dancer's stall after West had locked him in there. After turns, he stood quietly, his hind overlapping the stall door. His eyes, fiery, evil-like, malignant, followed West's every movement, and he was still trembling

with the mad rage inherent in him. It was an hour later that Ben Fresh returned to the stable, the lines of his fleshy face drawn tighter than usual with strain. Preparation coursed down his face and neck. West, sitting around the door of Dancer's stall, watched him crossing the exercise yard and noticed the urgency in his walk and the evident worry on his face.

"Would West?" he called, before even entering the stable. "Is there West?"

West answered, and for a moment Fresh's presence disturbed.

"Get over to the house and check your colours, and clean up these books of yours, you're riding that afternoon," Fresh blurted out. His voice was urgent. The boy's nerves trembled in his hands. He was raw from the stink his mouth had vomited, his face incredulous. In his estimation he could hardly speak.

"You... you mean..." he stammered.

"You're going pilot Dancer in the Derby. Now do what I'm telling ya."

"But... but... What about Ryant?" West blurted out.

"Ryant's sick. Clean up your gear and come to the stable in the trailer. I'll see you there."

West made his way back to the stall where Buster was, his brain trying to single out something from a confused welter of thoughts. He kept telling himself that the whole situation was real, that it wasn't just a dream. He had dreamt so often before, that he really was going to pilot Dancer in the Derby in just a few hours' time.

Buster was keeping silent on the Derby cold as West unwillingly moved to Buster's new stable for his riding compartment, his race saddle and riding boots.

He sat against the stable door,

## A genuine, scientific hormone tonic!

KINPOLE'S

# fortex

HORMONE THIAMIN COMPLEX

28/4 A FULL MONTHS  
SUPPLY AT ALL CHEMISTS

After thirty years of age, your body slows down its own natural manufacture of hormones. You start to need them. The result is part of what we call "growing old." It shows in skin, hair, muscle-tone, mental alertness and general health. KINPOLE'S is an odourless penetrating cream, richly laden with hormones. It massages into your skin in a few seconds. It uses the skin's natural channels to feed these hormones directly into your system.

Within five days—often, only two or three days—you feel the tremendous effect. It turns back the clock ten years! Since men and women are physically different, their hormone requirements are different, too. Therefore there is KINPOLE BLUE for men and KINPOLE YELLOW for women. Ask your chemist for KINPOLE YELLOW Hormone Tonic and reverse your natural health within five days!

### HONEY-SACK GUARANTEE

Since this remarkable tonic is somewhat expensive, please use it as directed for a full week.

Then, if you wish, you may return it to Kinfot. Pty. Ltd., Box 111, G.P.O., Sydney, with not more than quarter of the contents used. You will receive an immediate refund of the whole of your purchase price. This offer shows how confident Kinfot. is that the modern scientific tonic will improve your health noticeably within seven days.

"Kinfot" is sold by chemists everywhere. They can assure immediate stock from all wholesalers. But if you have any difficulty in buying "Kinfot" locally, please contact Kinfot. Pty. Ltd. (Makers of Kinfot. Drugs since 1874), Box 111, G.P.O., Sydney.

Gov. 11

*Choice of  
the People!*

**My  
Customers  
like**

FILL FROM THE RED, WHITE  
& BLUE PUMP AT

An  
**INDEPENDENT**  
Service Station



THE COMMONWEALTH OIL REFINERIES LTD. — ALL STATES  
CUSTODIANS

ago swaddling out before him, rubbing the polish vigorously into the dark, scaly leather of his boots, leather from above glistening down at him.

And still his thoughts whirled — thoughts about a gesture who pulled out in the word, but this close to Dancer's short pants and something sounds shouting where he could not hear.

Suddenly the weak sun spilling through the stable entrance was shut off. West looked up at a burly figure draped across the doorway, in profile, yellow face creased in a half-smile. He noticed the man's sharp-cut, precision-clipped must and graying neckline.

West felt uneasy. The smile shaped by the thick, sunburned lips was sinister. But the deep voice was smooth and friendly enough to belie the stranger's appearance.

"My name's Leitch, you West Brown?" he began, catching the light over his look off his forehead. West nodded.

"How you're calling Dancer at the Derby?"

"Never levels fast," West countered, then, mustering confidence.

"That Dancer?" Leitch asked, pointing to Dancer, who began to stamp and bang against the walls of his stall, fuming at the appearance of a stranger. West nodded, complying with Fresh's instructions to tell strangers nothing.

"Yeah, that's Dancer," he replied.

"Most posters seem to think he's got the Derby all on his own."

"Could be."

"Listen, Ed, I'll get down to business the best way. I'll give you a need to pull the colt this afternoon." He spoke with a drawl full of menace. His face expression, the sharp-angled eyes were wonderfully restraining. West started. He forced himself trembling.

## FOR MEN ONLY!

Have you taken a good, steady look at yourself lately? Can you honestly say that you're a fit man?

### ARE YOU

Depressed and uncertain?  
Wistful to sleep?  
Feeling it hard to concentrate?  
Inertia and apathy?  
Feeling from monotony and pain?  
Under your skin and memory?  
Suffering from tiredness and lack of endurance?  
Losing your interest in life, and the  
joys that appeal to the spirit?  
Feeling your oil will not return?  
If you suffer from any one of these  
symptoms of body ageing you need . . .

## NU-MAN

THREE MEN need NU-MAN to last them in top form.

INDIVIDUALS, MEN need NU-MAN to restore physical health and vitality.

TEENAGERS need NU-MAN to make you look better and have more energy.

ADULTS need NU-MAN to prevent disease, to keep you well and vigorous.

NU-MAN

This unique new treatment program concentrated made possible by daily use of the unique product, NU-MAN, is the secret of the NU-MAN men. The secret lies in the unique combination of carefully selected ingredients and is ABSOLUTELY "SAFE TO TAKE."

With the unique and complete **FREE!**

**A. B. WARD & CO.**

Dept. C19, Box 3323,  
G.P.O., Sydney.



Never before such  
"Under-cover  
Comfort"



Big whoop in town of Helena, "Baptists" had known what real under-cover work was all about. They will welcome the new headlines and opportunity to continue their crusade. Their headline-to-head signs sheets, which the *Tele* will appreciate, their building longer life and better-breath convenience. Great thanks are all round words, and because they're popular, you can be sure of the finest quality and best value in town.

"Gripper" Shorts  
BY Pelaco



the past shuffled before his eyes—a  
world of cold mornings on the track,  
of sweat and grime and long hours  
All for what? For a chance one day  
in a big race. And as it was it,  
that big chance. But a guy called  
Larchfield had suddenly turned up from  
nowhere, to knock all that. Ironically  
there was a payroll at both ends.

From the numerous whispers inside her brain, What applied was not Chuck this time, but, as said after all, it's just another one in a lifetime, better to stay breathing and dead than to Another and Go out there and smash that Derby field. What about that torch you've kept burning for your old green?

And what of he did do just then, go right ahead and do it Letchell! West addressed agents. What if he did stick loyal to French and the thousands of prisoners who'd be letting on the chestnut? He shuddered and recalled Letchell's ungrateful French.

He left Hustler alone then, and returned to the house to check his riding colours.

At the same, the stately wags through the land, gradually rooted the daintier and slender for the long dusty trail. The sun of summer had nowkened, banishing the odds illumed through the heat of the afternoon. But West heard only one voice. It said: Chuck the morn, kid, and stay alive. Lethal among bushmen.

He threw the saddle across Donkey's shiny back and strapped it tight underneath. Then he turned to Frank for his riding instructions. Frank tapped with the straps of his harnesses around Donkey's neck.

"Keep his hands behind the head, sit, and don't cover up with ground. Make your run from the Leger, not a moment before."

But West's eyes were closed, and there was a hollow wrenching at their

# SEX KNOWLEDGE

If you are married, or about to be, you should send for . . .

## SEX EDUCATION IN PICTURES

By David Fornell, PhD, post-doc

**SEND NOW**

Also available — "The Sex Factor in Marriage," by Helen Wright, 8/6, post free. For other sex literature send 3/-d. Stamp.

**EDUCATIONAL  
EXTENSION COLLEGE**

Dept. BG,  
Box 1430, G.P.O., Sydney

## HOW BIG IS A



As big as you wish to make it

Every man wants to save for his  
economy and put away something  
for the protection of his family.

Your trusted A.M.P. Representative is qualified to advise you how to buy maximum security for an early start to your pension. He is a man of knowledge.

NEW EDITION PRINTED IN 1981, CROWN EDITION

# A·M·P

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY  
GENERAL MANAGER: W. G. BURKE. HEAD OFFICE: 111 Pitt Street, SYDNEY, NEW  
SOUTH WALES. Branches throughout Australia, and in New Zealand and London.

trade his stomach. He didn't hear Freddie's instructions, only that smirker who's again providing many twists for boom. Check the road, kid, it said. I wanted many business

Amid a valley of chasm, West sprang. Bawdy down to the bottom, close to the rocks. When the master called the field of thoroughbred horses, he young the big chestnut started to dance up squarely in the starting gates. He sat upright, his hoofs stamping the strapp more hard, his white clenched in his left hand with the reins.

When the stork passed the starting position, sending the barrier clouds flying into the air, West fell across Drinker's neck, striking whip, leg and arm in one unbroken movement. The animal jumped a length clear. He circled, then careered to the rails, fell in behind the big bay pacesetter. The packed field cheered and the winning post was the first time reached with a male and a daughter of the warmer in scores.

The taint of pentecostal heresy was  
scattered across the sparsely tiled West  
rode vigorously to keep his position  
on the rails. And then he saw it,  
across the road of heaven and down  
a lane, Lestiboudous!

momentarily he succumbed riding and Bunker dropped back through the lead. The cover shattered. There was literally a gushing gush, transparent against the leaves, bursting everywhere. Chuck it, he shouted, chuck it!

Then astoundingly Dancer was swept around the turn into the straight. The cheering of eighty thousand throats blended into one tumultuous yell. We'd looked up at the pines of brown shiny peaks

Solidly Finch's strained face  
repelled the vision of Latched before  
the blunting eyes. Now make your  
run now! Now! Finch shouted.

### Learn to Play

HILL-BILLY

**GUITAR**  
Hawaiian Steel  
Guitar;  
Spanish Guitar,  
etc.

IN  
10  
MINUTES

You can learn to play your favorite melody or accompaniment in your favorite key or mode in 30 minutes or less. The most popular number of your favorite record or composition, at tempo, can be learned in 30 minutes or even less. It costs only 30¢ each to learn all the records of your favorite records. Add the "Piano Instruction" record.

ROBIE BOBBY, THE SINGING STOCKMAN  
GUITAR CLUB  
P.O. BOX 33338, G.P.O., SYDNEY  
Queensland. QUALIFIED. Best Music  
School in Sydney. Classes. Home  
tuition and rehearsal.

## THE BEST IN SPORT

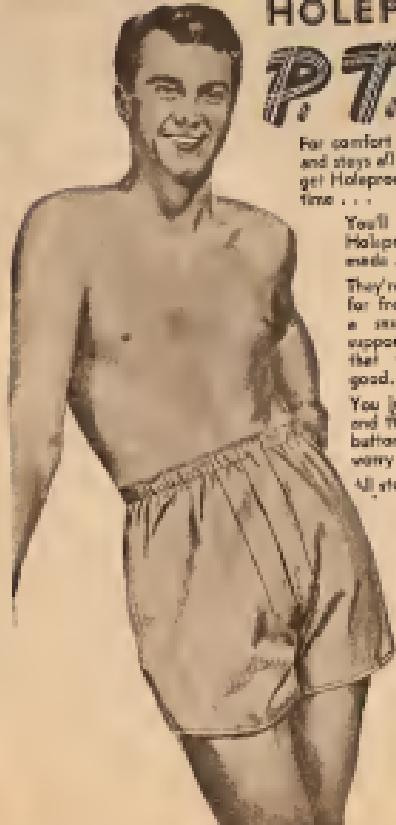


# ADAM

## The magazine for men



# ALL DAY COMFORT STARTS WITH HOLEPROOF **P.T.U.'s**



For comfort that starts early and stays all day be sure you get Holeproof P.T.U.'s every time . . .

You'll like the way Holeproof P.T.U.'s are made . . .

They're generously cut for freedom and have a snug fitting, self-supporting waistband that feels and looks good.

You just pull them up and they stay up. No buttons or bows to worry about!

All stores stock P.T.U.'s

Available in Recot Quality Printed and Plain English Poplin  
10 CAVALCADE, November, 1952

beat them. He was dancing with beat and whip made a rattled compartment into which he sang guttural except Frankly stated vowels that kept slipping. Now! Now! Now!

Reggie Danvers was gathering them in, strumming every muscle. Four horses to pass. Now three. Now two. Now Singing Boy. Level now! Both horses measured strides for strides, perhaps finding whips wildly.

The post suddenly seemed to stir to life. It rocked to meet them. West's parted lips were drawn and across his face. Violently he jerked both arms up around Danvers's head to stretch the neck out to the fullest. As the swinging post sped by, he could feel the other horse's leathered body crashing against his boot.

They walked the unswathed Danvers back to his stable after the presentation. Frank was saying:

"You've ridden a Derby winner, Ed, by name. Now does it feel?"

West couldn't answer. He was pulled-tired, sick, his nerves singed like high tension wires. Frank brought his clumsy hand across

West's back in friendly opposition. "You ride just like your old dad then was."

Home again, West went to Hunter's stable. It was as he was drawing the cross latch back to jerk the doors open that he saw it. The bar he had forced made him twice running the Derby exploded. He cried out.

Mouth gaping he stared down at scattered straw. It was spattered there with blood. He suffered.

He eyes travelled further along the band of light, to the indigo bloodied mass of pointed-striped suit, to the red face wrinkled out of its natural possiblity with a passing gash in its temple. Hunter stood back against the stable wall, eye-looking and silent.

It was Letchell. Letchell now sprawled beneath the shelter he had believed was Danvers. The colt had smaller markings. West's face turned at the detection. Every limb in his body seemed to be shaking.

Hunter was as still as.

## CAVALCADE SUBSCRIPTION COUPON

Locate this form with your local agent or bookseller or post to the Subscription Department, CAVALCADE Magazine,  
21 YOUNG STREET, SYDNEY.

Subscription rates in Australia and Mandated Territories  
12/- per annum. POST FREE.

Overseas Countries 12/- per annum, plus postage.  
Please enclose for one copy of "CAVALCADE" for one year.

NAMES . . .

(Block letters, please)

STREET . . .

TOWN . . .

STATE . . .

Please add exchange to country and interstate charges. 21/22

# Talking Points

## SNOW-WOLF . . .

Hairy teams with ponies, pale-faced women, but few of them can match the *Reindeer Men*, whose story Damon Runyon briefly relates in "Whistler's Women in Town," on page 4. Return to the middle-aged, leather-clothed Roman Emperor Clodius at 16, has already extended and eventually turned that polka-dot monster against her.

## BODY SNATCHING . . .

In the bad old days before the passing of the Australian Act of 1922, the modus operandi of bodies in medical schools for dissection practice was a lucrative racket. Body-snatchers raided cemeteries to dig up and steal recently-entered corpses from their graves. Believers and friends took to guarding graves at night. To keep up their profits, the body-snatchers often resorted to murder. Their victims were poor workmen whom they razed into false-looking human and did knock-out drops. As soon as they were helpless, they were quickly strangled from their bodies rushed off in the dead, who conveniently asked no questions. On page 1, John Adams gives you details of the remains collected.

## BOLLYWOOD . . .

In "When the Gods Roll Their Eyes" (page 50), well-known sports expert Stanley George Abbott introduces you to the latest American phenomenon, the

Siamese Roller Derby. Syd tells us they are now as popular that the few people who have not succumbed to the fad around which these may be "banned" to the natives relatives before they were introduced to stock, drugs, disease and other refinements of the white man's civilization."

## NEXT MONTH . . .

We think CANALCAGE next month is something really out of the box, and we'll probably agree after giving a lead of this line-up. In "All in My House is Yours" long-time Creswick's favorite Lester Way has come up with a deadly oil of summing up of the strange customs among certain native people of offering guests, as a final token of hospitality, the share of a wife, sister or daughter as sleeping companion for the evening. "The Wild Wood Men," by James Bellidge, gives you the low-down on "Bally" Sweeney, who has the baddest in the U.K. in the trials for strange American adventures and unconventional wrecks!

The fiction, too, is something to talk about. D'Arcy Niland is represented by a typical, tough, gangster-like episode from the wild New Zealand guerrillas in the Depression in "The Quarry in the Tree Tops." Another well-known Australian short-story writer is Owen Casey, who tops off the narrator with "The Twitching Face."



From

# PROMOTION

*is something we all desire*

... and in the steel industry your ambitions for a successful career can be fully realized. The industry has the real opportunity for promotion you desire, and, furthermore, will help you take advantage of them.

First of all, the industry is now in the midst of one of the greatest expansion and development programmes of its kind ever undertaken in this country. As a result, it can offer you unequalled opportunities in both the technical and commercial fields.

Secondly, the industry gives you every possible chance to make the most of your ability through special training and on-the-job experience, together with unusual assistance in gaining professional qualifications. Promotion is free within the organization, too.

Whether your interests are in a trade, engineering, metallurgical or business career, your best prospects are with the steel industry. Varieties exist for trade apprentices, and technical and commercial interests. Apply now to—

The  
**BROKEN HILL PROPRIETARY**  
Co. Ltd.

STEEL WORKS: Box 154, Newcastle. SHIPYARDS: Box 21, Newcastle. S.A.  
REPRESENTATIVES: 122 Pitt Street, SYDNEY; 100 Elizabeth Street, MELBOURNE;  
22 Franklin Street, PERTH; 100 Creek Street, BRIGHTON; 100 George Street, BRISBANE.



For Quality Suits

# Crusader Cloth

WE DREAMED NEVER TO  
DYE OR SHRINK

